

THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM SMITH, 113, FLEET STREET.

No. 53.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1840.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

AN AUTUMN RAMBLE AMONG THE VINEYARDS OF THE RHEINLAND.

NO. I.

SINCE the navigation of the Rhine has been opened up by means of steam-boats, no part of the Continent has attracted so many visitors as the district of the Rheinland. While as yet steam-boats were not, and the "wide and winding" river, unconscious of the music of the paddle-box, and dull "as the seas ere steam was made to hiss," floated, on its "proudly swelling breast of waters," no braver argosies than the sluggish and lumbering *coche d'eau*, (similar to our own old canal passage-boats,) the visitants to this terrene paradise (then, indeed, a Paradise Lost!) were few and far between. Now, however, their name—thanks to the wonder-working power of steam!—is *Legion*; and in the height of the season, not a day passes that the Rotterdam boat does not, in its upward voyage, bear a goodly freight of Syntaxes in search of the picturesque, who, like their namesake,

"Rave, and sketch, and madden round the land!"

Of course, the component parts of the cargo are somewhat heterogeneous—"black spirits and white, red spirits and grey"—English, Dutch, Belgian, French, &c. &c. &c.; yet, on the whole, two nations may be said to predominate, the Dutch and the English.

In former times, your Dutchman was a living exemplar of the philosophical definition of the *vis inertia*—that a body in a state of rest has a tendency to remain in the same for ever. Torpid and dull as his own sluggish canals, like them he "creamed and mantled, and did a woeful stillness entertain." Like the *stove* in his room, he was a complete fixture; and like that, he showed no other signs of animation than the smoke he emitted. As to his forsaking his swamps and croaking nightingales, and going elsewhere in search of the picturesque, the bare idea was preposterous.

Archimedes, in the pride of his philosophy, boasted that he would move the "great globe itself," could he but get a fitting fulcrum; but with this, and all appliances and means to boot, the Syracusan sage would vainly have applied his lever to the Dutchman.

Now-a-days, however, incredible as it may seem, your Hollander has become quite volatile and restless—so much so, that you might fancy him first cousin to St. Vitus. You find him *blowing a cloud* at the Falls of Schaffhausen, on the peaks of the Righi or the Jungfrau, and even amid the ruins of the "Eternal City." Scarcely has summer well commenced, before flocks of "flying Dutchmen" are on the wing, intent on migrating southwards; all ranks and ages combining, as it were,

"With one consent to rush into the Rhine."

The Dutch, indeed, are in some respects like the players—when they *do* agree, "their unanimity is wonderful:" bear witness, for instance, the *Tulipomania*.

That crowds of our own countrymen should be found during the season on the banks of the Rhine, will excite little surprise. John Bull has always shown such erratic propensities, that it is nothing

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wonderful to meet with him here or anywhere. Indeed, we suspect that the wonder would be, to discover a corner where John is *not* to be found. Should Mr. Green succeed one of these days—and the odds are, perhaps, in its favour—in piloting his huge Nassau air-ship to the Lunar regions, we will lay an even bet that he finds friend Bull at table with the "Man in the Moon," washing down the "powdered beef, turnip, and carrot," with rummers of genuine Château Longueville and Montrose; such, if we may credit "Mad Tom," being the Lunar bill of fare.

Some idea may, perhaps, be formed of the swarms of English that annually ascend the Rhine, from the fact that the inns in this quarter, besides being furnished with the customary *Fremdenbuch*, or *livre des étrangers*, (in which all and sundry write down their names and additions, according to the statute to that end made and provided,) have, moreover, a second tome of goodly size, expressly for *Messieurs les Anglais*. This latter folio is in such request, that it is necessary to replace it more than once during the season. So very common, in fact, has a trip to the Rhine become now-a-days, that the denizens of Whitechapel and Mile-end take out a ticket for Mainz *per Batavier*, much as they do one for Herne Bay; and on their return talk of the Drachenfels, the Lorelei, and the Gewirr, as familiarly "as maids of fifteen do of puppy-dogs."

Notwithstanding, however, the numbers of our countrymen who annually repair to the Rhine in search of the picturesque, there are none, we shrewdly suspect, who become so little acquainted with the actual charms and beauties of this enchanting region. Nor is this at all surprising, if we take into consideration the mode in which the tour is usually performed; which, without exaggeration, is pretty much after the following fashion:—Having recovered from the fatigues of the sea-voyage, under the kind and judicious treatment of the worthy landlord of the "Pays Bas" Hotel, our tourists, bidding adieu to the windmills of Rotterdam, embark on board the "Dampfschiff." In all probability, they spend a day in the city of the Three Kings, to take a peep at the cathedral, or at St. Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins, and pay a visit to Jean Maria Farina, in order to buy a case of the veritable "Eau de Cologne." * Another day, perhaps, is spent at Königswinter, to ascend the Drachenfels, and shake hands with the "castled crag;" or to make a pilgrimage to the neighbouring "Nonnenwerder's cloisters pale," and, with Campbell in hand, drop a tear over the fate of "the brave Roland," and the "love-

* Of this far-famed perfume Cologne boasteth a goodly host of fabricators—well nigh a hundred. The real Simon Pure is Jean Maria Farina: whose unpretending *boutique* is situated in the "Jülichplatz," or Place de Julliers. Next to him rank Johann Maria Farina, (who displayeth no small taste in the outer adornment of his flasks,) Francis Maria Farina, and Anthon Zanolli. The last-mentioned *distillateur* prepares a mixture which he calls "Eau de Cologne double:" yet, albeit double in price, it is not of twofold excellence, being decidedly inferior to Jean Maria's. The latter gentleman is undoubtedly *facile princeps* among his rivals. His "entire" possesseth a certain indescribable nameless something which we miss in all the others. He retaileth the flask at a shilling—coin of this realm; and those who purchase one or more cases (of six flasks each) receive a certain *rabat*. Eau de Cologne may indeed be had, from one of the multitude, at sixpence a flask; but such suspicious mixtures we counsel thee, reader, to eschew:

"O, give us genuine eau, or give us none!"

liest maiden of Allémayne." * Coblenz, it may be, detains our travellers another day, that they may have the pleasure of reading on the very spot (how charming!) the "noble Childe's" lines about "Ehrenbreitstein's shattered walls," and all that sort of thing. This done, off they go! and steam it up to Mainz; sketching right and left, (and this, too, from the deck of a steam-boat!) quite in raptures with the rich succession of romantic scenery which deploys itself on this part of the river; and on landing at Mainz, they, *nem. con.*

"Soothly swear
Was never scene so sweet, so fair!"

For the first time since they left Rotterdam, perhaps our party here forsake the steam-boat, and make an excursion, *en voiture*, to Frankfurt; after a due contemplation of the lions of which city—not forgetting Danneker's statue of Ariadne, and Mr. Jügel's pictures and prints—they return to Mainz. And here, with most folks, the tour is at an end. Some disciples, to be sure, of Ude and Kitchener, who are blest with what phrenologists would term an exuberant gastronomic development, hold on as far as Strasburg:—not, indeed, to feast on the Minster, but on the *foie gras*; the odours of which allure these eagles of the *cuisine* to the carcass. A scantling, too, of the lovers of cascade scenery ascend even to Schaffhausen. By far the greater number of English tourists stop, however, at Mainz, and thence descend by steam—tour again!—to Rotterdam, where the Batavier receives them once more into its capacious cabin for London; the tour having occupied, counting from the time they embarked at the Tower stairs to their landing at the same, little more than two weeks.

If people, on their return home, after this rapid way of doing business, are quite in raptures with the Rhine,—why, then, all's well. If, however, some grumbling individual should venture to observe, that, after all he had read and heard on the subject, he was a *little* disappointed, we can only answer, by way of comfort (cold enough, perhaps), so *we* should think. Why, what else could the man expect that thus glues himself to the steam-boat? The endless beauties of the Rhenish scenery are only to be enjoyed from the banks, ascending a height now on this side, and now on that; anon peeping into this vineyard, or diving into that dell. To expect that we are to see all the fine sights merely by opening our eyes on the deck of a steam-boat, is surely, to say the least, somewhat unreasonable. Of this we are convinced, that no one, who goes about the business in a proper way, will be disappointed; except, indeed, those Sir Oracles who travel from Dan to Beersheba, and find it all barren.

Mistake us not, gentlest of readers, as if we found fault with those individuals, who having only two or three weeks at most to spare, dedicate it to a steam-trip up the Rhine. No: such, if they would have a peep of the Rheinland, can only have it from the deck of a steam-boat; and, after all, their time and money are, perhaps, not ill bestowed. Our quarrel is with those who have no such excuse: that numerous class who have more time on their hands than they can manage to kill—who, sated with the dull monotony

of a too-tranquil existence, take to travelling, much for the same reason that Pat took his wife, to make him *unaisy*. Such, we think, might do far better, and if they will allow *us* to be their guide, we promise to put them on a plan whereby they will not only rid themselves of their superfluous time, but be enabled actually to enjoy the scenery of the Rhine. A residence of several years in various parts of the Rheinland, with constant rambles by steam, horseback, voiture, and foot, nearly along the whole length of the river, has familiarised us so perfectly with all its features, that the whole panorama, from Schaffhausen to Rotterdam, is vividly depicted on our mental retina: in the words of Comus, somewhat altered,

"We know each vineyard, every wooded knoll,
Castle, or ivied tower, of this fair scene;
Our daily walks and ancient neighbourhood."

To begin, then, with the beginning;—we must observe, that no one need expect to become acquainted, at least in any satisfactory degree, with the beauties of the Rheinland landscapes, who puts his trust in steam-boats. If the tourist cannot make up his mind to shoulder his knapsack, and, staff in hand, to trudge along, up hill and down dale, he must, at least, make up his mind to lose much of what he goes in quest of. If he will have the steam-boat, the whole steam-boat, and nothing but the steam-boat; if, instead of taking the trouble to go in search of the Romantic and the Beautiful, he expects that these fair damsels are to come of their own accord to pay him a visit on board the Dampfschiff, he may, peradventure, find himself woefully disappointed. Of game of all sorts there is, assuredly, no lack in this region; but if the sportsman be too lazy to "hunt the deer with hound and horn," he must forego his haunch of venison, and eke his "pasties of the doe." "First catch your hare," says the judicious Mrs. Glasse, in initiating the profane into the mysteries of hare-soup making. Imitating this golden rule, which is of universal application, we say to the picturesque hunter, "First catch your landscape:" that is, be'ng interpreted, stand not transfixed to the deck of the Friedrich Wilhelm, or the Marianne, with thy hands in the pockets of thy snow-white dimity *unmentionables*; staring in stupid bewilderment around thee, thy mouth wide agape, as if in hopes that a shower of larks, *piping* hot, were about to descend to the tune of "All hot! all hot!" Incontinently sever thy timber—make for *terra firma*—give the *vapouring* boat leg-bail—shoulder thy crutch—to the right about—March! This do, and trust an old stager for once, you shall see what you shall see,—ay, and something besides. On all occasions, indeed, we are strenuous advocates for the primitive mode of travelling; quite agreeing with Miss Martineau, that your pedestrian is the only one who really travels to any purpose. If this be true in the general case, it is particularly so as regards the scenery of the Rhine; which, we must again and again repeat, is only to be enjoyed by him who takes the trouble to trudge along the banks of the river,† exploring with care every

"Dingle and bushy dell of this fair scene."

Let us whisper, too, in thine ear, tourist *in posse*, that the flask of Marcobrunner or Laubenheimer, wherewith, seated on some "coigne of vantage" overlooking the river, thou assuagest the meridian heat, will seem to thee quite another beverage, when enjoyed *al fresco* after a morning's ramble, than erewhile in the cribbed and confined cabin of the steam-boat.

Having thus shown you *how* you are to travel, we will now, with your leave, instruct you *when* you are to travel.

"Which is the best time for visiting the Rhine?" Ay, which indeed! Were we to answer this question as our own feelings would dictate, we should be inclined to say, "The whole year round." Nothing can be more delightful than a Spring ramble on the Rhine, when the vineyards are in full blow, when "the vines with the tender grape give a good smell." The luxury of dropping

* The hapless loves of the "brave Roland" and the fair Cunegonda, or Bertha, (for the Chronicles are not consistent in the name of the lady,) have been "married to immortal verse" by Schiller and Campbell. The former, however, has transferred the scene of his ballad (*wherefore* is not very apparent) to Switzerland; while his brother bard, more true to the legend, has preserved its local habitation on the banks of the Rhine, in the vicinity of the Siebengebirge, the Isle of Nonnenwerth, and Rolandseck. During several years that we spent in this neighbourhood the "Nonnenwerder's cloisters pale" were doing service as an hotel. Its fish dinners were famed far and near: its *anguites en matelot* and *carpe à la crème* were superb, and its cellars (like all convent cellars) were plenished with the choicest juices of the Rhine. Latterly the hotel wanted a tenant, and there was some talk of making a lottery of the island and current; but what came of it we know not, as our destiny carried us into another and distant region about this time.

† Not that we mean entirely to discard steam; 'tis all very well in its right place—that is, by way of a *finish*; of which more afterwards.

quietly down the river in your boat, on a lovely morning in May, when every sense is refreshed by "gentle gales,"

"fanning their odoriferous wings,
And whispering whence they stole their balmy spoils,"

is exquisite in the extreme! Nor less so is it, to stray along the banks, or through the vineyards, when "day her sultry fire hath wasted," in the cool of the evening:

"What time 'tis sweet
To scent the breathing vines at set of day."

How lovely, too, appear the vine-clad slopes, when "rosy Summer," rushing into the embraces of her bright-haired sire, empurples the landscape with her blushes; while, "from his watch-tower in the skies," that "blithe spirit," so sweetly sung by the lamented Shelley, rains down a shower of melody

"That steep the sense in the soft dews of sleep!"

Nay, even when Winter "rules the inverted year," making the green one *white*, and hangs, as if in derision, his glittering but barren icicles on vines that lately bowed beneath treasures of gold and purple; yea, even then, much-loved Rhine, as we have strayed along thy banks, and mused on thy "castled crags," where sign of life was not, save the "ivy never sere," have we not felt that it was good for us to be there?

But chiefly when the "queen of vintage," buxom-brown Autumn, cometh (not to speak it profanely) with dyed garments, glorious in her apparel, to tread out the wine-press, whose fatness maketh the heart of man glad, doth this delightful region wear its most joyous aspect. Then truly every little hill becometh, for the time being, a Mount Tabor; the whole land undergoeth a transfiguration, and one universal tabernacle is erected unto Mirth. At this season, when "jest and youthful jollity" are in the ascendant, reader, do we counsel thee to make thy first acquaintance with the Rhine. For then, not only is the mirth which is rife in the land infectious, but the "mellowing year" bestows upon the aspect of external things a grace beyond the reach of flaunting Summer. Then, too, when thy heart floweth over with

"Dance, and Provencal song, and sun-burnt mirth,"

and thou must, perforce, for a season cry "Hold, enough!" thou mayest in some "close covert," keep consort with the "mute Silence" and the "cherub Contemplation;" thy reveries undisturbed by aught save the breeze of Autumn, that, sighing overhead amid the sere leaves, doth "smooth the raven-down" of thy pensive thoughts. Beshrew us! but thy heart must be made of "sterner stuff" than we wot of, if it find not fitting response to its emotions, whether "grave or gay, or lively or severe," in an Autumn ramble in the Rheinland.

As the "gathering of the grape," or "Weinlese," varies considerably in point of time along the river, (being always later the higher you ascend,) the tourist may thus enjoy, by timing his movements accordingly, one uninterrupted vintage holiday of eight or more weeks. To effect this in the most agreeable way, he should be at his post on the outskirts of the vine district, in the first or second week of September. Perhaps Bonn is the most eligible station to select for this purpose; as being not only, so to speak, the "ultima Thule" of the vine, but also the spot where the Rhine begins first to unfold its charms: and here, then, should thy tent, adventurous tourist, be pitched at the time indicated. The vine, indeed, makes its appearance several miles below Bonn; but it is in the immediate vicinity of this place that the first symptoms of a vintage present themselves.

To make our approach, however, by just gradation, we will first land thee on the "Boonjies" at Rotterdam. We perceive that the "sail-sea foam" hath somewhat disturbed thy internal equilibrium. Tut! man, 'tis but a trifle, and it will go hard if thou do not speedily regain thy "wonted state" under the skilful treatment of our worthy friend, Mr. Walter, of the "Pays Bas;" that prince of *aubergistes*. Trust us, he will in a trice pluck out the "rooted sorrow;" and he administereth his lenitives with so much of the genuine *suaviter in modo*, as materially to enhance their beneficial effects. For the present, then, we bequeath thee to his safe-keeping.

"To-morrow to fresh scenes, and pastures new!"

SENSIBILITY JACK,

AND HIS STORY OF THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN AND THE WOUNDED LIEUTENANT.

HEAVEN knows how old Jack Truesail came by his extreme sensibility, but he certainly had a very unusual share of it, since it gave him the name in which he figures in the title of this paper. He was, in truth, a perfect martyr to his feelings, especially on one particular subject; and often did we wonder how one so constituted had ever become a man-of-war's man; but this he had been in his day, and for many years too.

He was a little, weatherbeaten-faced old man, who eked out the scanty subsistence afforded by a small pension by working as a jobbing porter, in which capacity we frequently employed him, as he was an honest, civil, and obliging creature, with some very amusing eccentricities of manner and character.

Jack had been jobbing with us for some time, when a friend, who had known him longer, and therefore better than we did, came in, and on perceiving him at work, exclaimed,

"Ah, Jack! are you here too?"

"Yes, sir," replied Jack, touching his hat respectfully.

"Has Jack," said our friend, turning to us with a significant look, which, however, we did not at the time understand, "has Jack ever told you the story of the battle of Copenhagen and the wounded lieutenant?"

We replied he had not.

"Oh, then," said our friend, "that's a treat to come."

Curious to hear Jack's story, and the business in hand at the moment not being very pressing, we proposed that we should have it forthwith.

"Come then, Jack," said our friend, "give it us; give us the story of the battle of Copenhagen and the wounded lieutenant."

Jack smoothed down his hair, turned his quid in his mouth, and in a bold and confident tone began—

"Well, you see, gentlemen, at the time of this here affair of Copenhagen, I served on board the *Darcall*; and as fine a ship she was as ever swum on salt water. She carried fifty-six guns, and 450 men; all as pretty fellows as ever wore check shirts. We had some fine fellows of officers too, especially our first lieutenant—a real good soul as ever trod a quarter-deck. Well, d'ye see, before the battle began, our ship was stationed just right opposite the Crown Battery, one of the most bloodiest situations in the whole line. Never mind, my boys; there we were, not a bit afraid, and every man of us ready to do his dooty. Well, d'ye see, the battle began, and at the first fire, [here we thought Jack's voice became a little tremulous,] our poor lieutenant [Jack's emotion was here quite marked] received—a shot—in—the thigh." A pause; Jack couldn't go on. He made an effort to resume. "Yes, poor fellow, a shot in the thigh. Well, in three minutes after, he—he—he—"

Here Jack fairly broke down; his feelings overcame him; he could not utter another word, but blubbered like a child.

"I see, Jack, you can't get on," said our friend; "you'll give us the rest some other time;" and struggling to suppress a laugh, which we thought not very creditable to his feelings, he abruptly bade us good morning, and rushed out without one word of explanation.

Sympathising with poor Jack's feelings, we also withdrew, leaving him to finish his work, and regain his composure. We thought it would be cruel to press him to complete his story in his then excited state of mind; so resolved on delaying the gratification of my curiosity till some other opportunity.

One half-idle afternoon, about a week after this, suddenly recollecting Jack's unfinished tale, we strolled into an adjoining apartment, where he was at work, seated ourselves on a bale of goods, and reminding him of the circumstance, requested he would give us the remainder of the story of the battle of Copenhagen and the wounded lieutenant. Jack raised himself from the work on which he was engaged, stroked down his hair, as before, turned his quid, and looking at us with a smile, said—

"Oh, ay, sir—the affair of Copenhagen: I recollect I was rather taken aback last time, but I'll give it you all now, out and out;" and with the same bold, off-hand manner as on the former occasion, Jack began—

"Well, you see, sir, as I told you before, at that time I belonged to the *Dareall*—a noble ship, sir—fifty-six guns and 450 men, all as smart lads as you'd see anywhere. Well, sir, d'ye see, as I mentioned afore, just before the action began, we were ordered to take our station right off the Crown Battery—an ugly berth, sir—one of the ugliest going that day. Well, you see, we hadn't taken our ground five minutes, when the Crown Battery opened on us, and with the first discharge our—our—[here Jack began to get husky]—our poor first lieutenant received a shot—[a brief pause]—a shot just right in the thigh—[Jack fast breaking down again]—and in three minutes after, poor soul—glorious fellow—he—he—he—" Jack couldn't go on; he was choking with emotion.

Seeing him unfit to finish his story, we once more left him, wondering at the man's extraordinary sensibility, but still respecting the feeling.

Some time after this, we availed ourselves of an opportunity of again urging Jack to complete his story of the battle of Copenhagen and the wounded lieutenant, but with precisely the same result. Jack, however stoutly he might begin, never could by any means get beyond the shot in the thigh; there he was sure to break down.

Struck now with the oddity of the circumstance, and beginning to be rather amused than affected by Jack's excessive sensibility, (which had assumed, we thought, a ludicrous character,) we began to suspect that it was a pathological peculiarity of the man's nature, rather than a result of genuine feeling; and in this impression we were confirmed by the following incident.

Going home one night, after dark, we were attracted by a crowd consisting of about a dozen persons or so, who seemed to be highly amused with some one whom they surrounded. Curious to know what was going on, we joined the group, and had hardly done so, when one called out, "Come, Jack, give us the story of the battle of Copenhagen and the wounded lieutenant." "Ay, ay, give us the story, Jack—give us the story," shouted half-a-dozen voices at once. It was Jack, then, whom they had got amongst them; and Jack's failing seemed well known to them. Jack, we perceived, was tipsy; a circumstance which we did not expect would tend much to harden his sensibilities; so we resolved to hear his version of the story of the battle of Copenhagen and the wounded lieutenant, under the mollifying influence of liquor; a story, by the way, which it now appeared was extremely popular. Complying with the general wish, Jack began his tale, and with the same readiness and confidence of manner with which he always began it.

"Ay, ay, my friends," he said, "that was a tough bit of a job, that Copenhagen affair; none of your shilly-shally work, but right, even-down whacking. I warrant me, none of you here ever saw the like. Well, d'ye see, my lads, the ship I belonged to was the *Dareall*—p'raps none of you ever heard of her afore, but that don't matter; she was a beauty of a ship, for all that—fifty-six guns and 450 men, and as fine a set of officers as ever trod a quarter-deck, particularly our first lieutenant, Mr. Bowman; he was the good soul."

"Ay, Jack's coming to it now," here said one of the crowd, in a half-whisper to a neighbour; "he'll cry presently."

Jack went on. "Well, you see, my lads, our ship was stationed right opposite what they called the Crown Battery, and a hot enough berth it was, I warrant ye. So, d'ye see, the battle began, when poor Bowman, who was standing on the quarter-deck, just as I'm standing now, with his speaking-trumpet in his hand, received—poor fellow—good soul—a shot in the thigh." Jack here paused, and struggled hard with the emotion which was threatening to arrest his narrative at the usual point. "Three minutes after—seven wounds altogether—poor soul!—he—he—he—" Off Jack went; he could no more. The crowd hailed the expected climax with a shout of laughter, in which we could not help joining, and immediately dispersed, leaving Jack *solus*, to recover his composure at his leisure.

We subsequently learnt, that old Jack's battle of Copenhagen and the wounded lieutenant was a well-known story; but we never met with the man who had heard the end of it, or even a single sentence beyond that which we have here put upon record. Some story or other, it was thought, Jack had; but the tenderness of his recollections of the wounded lieutenant prevented him from ever getting through with it.

NOTES ON THE REDBREAST, SPARROW, ROOK, AND TITMOUSE.

We have given, on previous occasions, both speculation and anecdote, illustrative of what is termed the instinct of the lower animals. We now add some original observations of a practical naturalist on a few of our familiar birds.

We may first describe the manners, and give the character of that well-known bird, the Redbreast. This bird is best known from his audacious familiarity in entering the open doors or windows of dwelling-houses without fear or dread. This freedom has raised a prejudice in his favour, because it is taken as a sign of his confidence in man. We wish the other traits of his character were confirmatory of the favourable view thus bestowed on his *incurable impudence*: but the truth is, there is little amiable feeling belonging to the redbreast; for he is naturally cruel, vindictive, and implacable. He is almost always at war with other birds, and especially with the males of his own species. So strong is their antipathy to each other, that two pairs or families cannot live near together in the same place. If one pair takes possession of the top of a field or garden for the purpose of breeding or lodging in, another pair may be allowed to reside at the bottom, but not nearer. Each master of a family claims a certain range of territory for himself, and over which he holds arbitrary sway. Here he keeps "watch and ward," and here he may be heard singing, morning, noon, and night; but the chief parts of his song are only impassioned shouts of defiance addressed to rivals at a distance. And whenever rivals meet, a fierce battle ensues, in which one is discomfited, if not killed outright.

The bitter animosity always subsisting between these rival birds is one reason that they are so extensively distributed over the face of the country, and yet nowhere numerous. Their adventurous boldness in entering houses is a circumstance unfavourable to their increase; for here they frequently fall a prey to the watchful cat. It is, indeed, a common saying, that cats catch and kill more redbreasts than they kill birds of any other kind.

This bird is neither skilful in building, nor careful in concealing her nest, consequently she is liable to be robbed, which diminishes the broods; but she, as well as her mate, very soon find by experience where their food is most readily found. They are carnivorous as well as verminivorous; and their usual exertion in search of food is hopping about on turf or among withered leaves, picking up earth-worms, small snails, and larvæ of insects. But as soon as they become acquainted with any locality in which they have chosen to reside, they soon learn where to find a bone to pick at the back kitchen door. Or if they see a labourer at work trenching, digging, or hoeing the ground, they are sure to join him to feast on the worms, which they seem to know he will turn up: and if, when so attending the labourer, any other bird happens to alight on the broken ground, the pugnacious little fellow flies at the intruder like a fury, and drives him off. Even blackbirds and thrushes of thrice his size must fly before him, so impetuous is his attack.

Another portion of acquired knowledge of which the redbreast often avails himself is, his attending the mole in its labours, as he does those of the gardener. Moles live chiefly on earth-worms, which, when they feel the mole mining near them, immediately escape to the surface; and here the hungry bird is on the watch for them. The keen eye of the redbreast can perceive the working of the mole at a considerable distance, as they may often be seen flying from a hedge into the middle of a field where the mole is raising a hill, and where they get their usual treat. It may be said that it is the appearance of the freshly-broken ground that attracts the notice of the bird, and not his knowledge that food is found there; but how can he know that worms are found on broken ground, if it be not from experience?

The redbreast is sometimes so attached to a favourite station in a garden, or about a house, that he will build repeatedly in the same place; but the greater number leave their winter quarters, and retire to unfrequented dells in woods, or to hollow lanes to breed during summer. They however return to their winter haunts when cold weather sets in.

The house-sparrow is another instance of a wild animal being much guided in his manners by acquired knowledge. His character is a compound of boldness, cunning, and perseverance. He learns much from his companions in the farm-yard, and attends to

the call of any of the feeders as promptly as any other of the live-stock. He is naturally thievish, and seems delighted when he can steal a morsel of food from any other animal, and carry it away to a place where he can eat it alone. Adding the acquired knowledge of the sparrow to that of his powerful instincts, he may be said to be one of our most accomplished wild birds; whether we consider his assiduity in providing for himself and family, or his care in preserving himself and progeny. They make their nests in holes of walls, under the eaves of roofed buildings; and sometimes, when all such places are occupied, they will build their nests in thick-branched trees near houses; and as a means of security, if a rookery be in the near neighbourhood, the sparrows will make their nests immediately under those of the rook, and which, as the rook is a social bird, they are allowed to do without annoyance from their protectors. It is this careful regard for their young, and teaching them always to roost in inaccessible places, that makes this species much more numerous than that of any other British bird. The young leave the nest just before harvest, and then the whole congregate, fall upon the ripening fields of wheat or barley, and do much damage to the farmer if not scared off. For this crime the sparrow has in many rural parishes been proscribed, and rewards paid by the churchwardens for their destruction.

The rook, and others of the same genus, appear to be instinctively afraid of fire-arms; but it is probable this natural fear is inculcated by the wary parents; as, constantly living in communities, one experienced patriarch soon sounds his note of alarm, and puts all the rest on their guard. They are equally alarmed if they smell brimstone or gunpowder—a sensation they must have acquired by experience. When rooks take to a part of an avenue or other place where they are not wished to be, they are most effectually frightened away by taking a flint and steel, and striking them under the trees at night.

The next bird we have to notice, whose experience teaches him to get a meal when his ordinary food is scarce, is the greater titmouse, a common though not a plentiful bird of our woods. His ordinary food is insects and the larvæ of insects; but in hard frosts, and especially if snow covers the ground, this bird repairs to the bee-house, probably, in the first place, to look for spiders or their eggs, or for any other insect lurking about the hives. During the search the bird perceives that there are living insects within the hives, and of course wishes to taste them. Tapping at the door of the hive (perhaps with the intention of enlarging it) a sentinel appears to answer the call, and is immediately seized by the middle by the bird, and carried off to a neighbouring tree, and there beat against the bark till nearly dead. The bird rejects the head and abdomen (the latter containing the sting), and swallows the thorax only, and immediately returns to the hive for another victim. Sometimes the whole stock of a hive is destroyed by these birds in this way; and it is remarkable that one among several of these marauders is more an adept at bee-killing than the rest; for, on watching and shooting this one, the daily attacks on the bees ceased. Now, how can we consider these manoeuvres of the bird? He is instinctively led to take and devour insects wherever he may find them; but to make it his task to come every morning to a hive to allure out the bees for his breakfast, must be a portion of knowledge derived solely from experience.

HAZLITT'S CHARACTER OF COLERIDGE.

COLERIDGE would require a hundred mouths to utter all that it hath entered into his heart to conceive, and centuries before him to embody the endless volume of his waking dreams. Cloud rolls over cloud; one train of thought suggests, and is driven away by another; theory after theory is spun out of the bowels of his brain, not like the spider's web, compact and sound, a citadel and a snare, built for mischief and for use; but like the gossamer, stretched out and entangled without end, clinging to every casual object, flitting in the idle air, and glittering only in the ray of fancy. No subject can come amiss to him, and he is alike attracted and alike indifferent to all; he is not tied down to any one in particular, but floats from one to another; his mind everywhere finding its level, and feeling no limit but that of thought—now soaring with its head above the stars, now treading with fairy feet among flowers; now winnowing the air with winged words, passing from Duns Scotus to Jacob Behmen, from the Kantian philosophy to a conundrum, and from the Apocalypse to an acrostic; taking in the whole range of poetry, painting, wit, history, politics, metaphysics, criticism, and private scandal—every question giving birth to some new thought, and every thought discoursed in eloquent music.

RISE OF THE LAND IN SWEDEN.

MORE than a hundred years ago, a Swedish naturalist, of the name of Celsius, expressed an opinion that the waters of the Baltic sea, and the whole northern ocean, were gradually sinking; and he stated that this was proceeding at the rate of forty Swedish inches in a century. He represented several dangerous sunken reefs as having become permanently visible above water during his own time, and stated that the sea was constantly leaving dry new tracts of land along its margin; that ancient sea-ports had become inland towns; and that old mariners could testify that at a number of places great changes had occurred, within the period over which their memory extended, in the form of the coast and the depth of the sea. Lastly, he referred to marks which had been cut in the rocks before his time, for the purpose of indicating the former level, and the waters were observed to have fallen below these marks. Such an extraordinary announcement as that of the bed of the vast ocean sinking, met with little countenance from the learned. To account for the appearances described by Celsius, various hypotheses were brought forward; whilst not a few suspected that there had been some error in the observations. Those who were inclined to admit the correctness of his statements proposed, as a solution of the difficulty, that the altered form of the coast, and the shallowing of the sea, might be ascribed partly to new accessions of land at those localities where rivers entered, depositing sand and mud, and partly to the drifting of large blocks of ice, which are sometimes stranded and driven upon rocks and low islands, so as to raise their height by the stones and gravel which they have floated to these places. But these explanations could not satisfactorily account for the phenomena, however they might satisfy those who were content with a plausible hypothesis, rather than inquire further into the matter. It remained for the profound and eloquent Playfair to unloose the knot, without cutting it. He declared that the change in the relative level of sea and land in Sweden, might be ascribed to the movement of the land rather than of the ocean. The expansive forces of the mineral regions are continually at work within the solid crust of the earth; and we have only to suppose that, for a great length of time, they have been acting upwards, their natural tendency, at this peculiar place. And no doubt this is the true explanation of the phenomenon.

Subsequently to the promulgation of his views by Playfair, many distinguished men have visited the country, and recorded their impressions of the reality of the fact. But the papers published by Mr. Lyell being at once the most recent and the most interesting, we prefer giving an outline of the observations made by this distinguished geologist. At Stockholm, the capital of Sweden, and situated on the shores of the Baltic sea, there is clear evidence of the existence of lines of beach once covered by the sea, but now lying high and dry, with all their marine shells and vegetables, no less than seventy feet above it. Besides the shells, several buried vessels have been found, some of them apparently of high antiquity, there being no iron in them, the planks being fastened together by wooden pegs. But a much more remarkable discovery was made at a place where a canal was cut. Here the excavation commenced in a hill or platform, covered with a forest; and after digging down about fifty feet through stratified sand, gravel, and clay, the workmen came upon a small wooden house, the floor of which was on a level with the sea. An attempt was made to dig round the walls, and leave them standing; but the wood was perfectly decomposed, and crumbled down like dust when all support was removed; but when they reached the level of the sea, they found the timbers of the walls preserved. At the bottom, on what may have constituted the floor of the hut, an irregular ring of stones was found, having the appearance of a rude fireplace; and within these there was a heap of charcoal and charred wood. On the outside of the ring was a pile of unburnt fir-wood, broken up as for fuel; the dried needles of the fir and the bark of the branches being still preserved. The building was about eight feet square, and was supposed to have been merely a fishing-hut, occasionally resorted to at the fishing season. The building was enveloped in fine sand, as if blown by the wind, and the mass over the house bore undoubted evidence of stratification, but, for the most part, of that wavy and irregular kind which would result from a meeting of currents. Multitudes of marine shells were found embedded in it.

The remarkable circumstances to be observed here are, that whilst the hut must originally have stood on the shores of the Baltic, nearly on a level with its waters, the ground on which it stood had sunk down to the depth of fifty or sixty feet, or in some

other manner become completely submerged beneath the sea; that the land had again gradually risen to its present position, which, being about even with the surface of the sea, may be supposed nearly the relative level of the hut to the Baltic, as it originally stood; and that, during this gradual rise, it had become covered with strata sixty feet in thickness. However extraordinary this may appear, there seems no other way of accounting for the present position of the hut. "If," says Mr. Lyell, "the buried vessels alone had been found, we should merely have been called upon to suppose that they had sunk to the bottom of a fiord, which was afterwards silted up, and then upraised; but the situation of this house seems to require far greater changes of level. Had nothing been observed but the wooden walls, we might have imagined that the hut was carried away during an inundation; for I was told of a house that was floated off entire during a flood, in the north-east of Sweden, in consequence of the artificial drainage of a lake. But the fire-place and charred wood on the floor seem entirely opposed to such an hypothesis. To imagine a subsidence of the land to the amount of more than sixty feet, and a subsequent elevation—or, in other words, a series of movements analogous to those by which the phenomena of the Temple of Serapis have been explained—appears necessary; yet this is undoubtedly to assume far greater revolutions in the level of the land, since fishing-huts were first erected in Sweden, than history or tradition would have led us to anticipate." Yet we do not think that it is assuming more than might have taken place, without history or tradition taking any notice of the circumstance until comparatively recent times.

At the present rate of increase, the land might have been raised to its present level since the commencement of the Christian era. With regard to previous sinking, all must be mere conjecture, with which we shall not meddle, as little that is satisfactory could be brought forward. But whatever doubts may hang over the causes which brought the hut into the extraordinary position in which it was discovered, it is impossible to reflect on this, and the other facts regarding shell-fish brought to light during the excavation of this canal, without being convinced that very important movements have taken place in the land and the bed of the sea, since the Baltic was inhabited by the existing testacea, and even since the sea was navigated by vessels, and the human race extended their migrations to these northern shores.

In 1820, the Royal Academy at Stockholm ordered a horizontal line to be cut in the face of a rock near Oregrund, on the shores of the Baltic, the line being made exactly to correspond with the level of the sea. When Mr. Lyell examined this in 1834, the line was found five inches and a half above the surface of the water. Here is unequivocal evidence in support of the fact of a gradual rise in the land; but some much stronger is yet to be adduced. The fishermen at this place also confirmed this opinion in a very satisfactory manner. They pointed out several rocks which they well remembered to have been barely covered with water in their younger days, but which are now between one and two feet above it. "So strong is the conviction of the fishermen here," says our authority, "and of the seafaring inhabitants generally, that a gradual change of level, to the amount of three feet or more in a century, is taking place, that they seem to feel no interest whatever in the confirmation of the fact afforded by artificial marks; for they observed to me, that they can point out innumerable natural marks in support of the change; and they mentioned this as if it rendered any additional evidence quite superfluous." At another place, a mark, which had been made in 1731, was found to be (every allowance being made for a contrary wind) nearly three feet above the level of the sea at the present time. In another part of the same coast, one of the lines which had been ordered to be cut in 1820, indicated a rise of the land to the extent of nearly two feet and a half; which is enormous in the short space of fourteen years.

In pursuing the object of his journey, Mr. Lyell crossed from the shores of the Baltic to the opposite coast of Sweden, situated between Uddevalla and Gothenburg, and which has been long celebrated for its deposits of recent shells, raised in some spots to the height of more than two hundred feet above the level of the sea. He found that these shelly formations did not resemble beaches of the ocean which had been upraised, but were, in fact, stratified formations of clay, sand, and gravel, and in some places almost entirely of shells, which have filled up, at some former period, the deep bays and fiords of a sea resembling that which now bounds this coast. At several other places, undoubted evidence of a gradual rise in the land was obtained, both from marks which had been made on the faces of rocks washed by the sea, and from the uniform testimony of all seafaring people. By a compa-

ison of the eastern and western coasts, and their islands, with the interior, the geological appearances and physical features of the country appeared to countenance the theory, that the whole tract has in its turn been first a shoal in the sea, and then for a time a shore. In some parts immense erratic blocks of rock, or boulders, were found lying upon deposits of recent shells. The transportation of these huge fragments into their present position must, therefore, have taken place after the period when the modern shelly formations of both coasts were accumulated; and it has been inferred, from observed facts, that the drifting of such blocks may now be going on, by means of ice, every year. The water here freezes to a great depth in winter, and when it is broken up on the approach of genial weather, the huge masses of ice which closely clasp large rocks round and round, often float them away altogether, and sometimes to a great distance. The fact, therefore, that the land in Sweden is in various parts gradually rising above the level of the sea, may be considered as completely proved. The evidence in favour of an upward movement is of two kinds: firstly, the testimony of the inhabitants; and secondly, the altered level indicated by artificial marks cut in the rocks. More than one generation has passed away since Celsius recorded the stories of pilots, fishermen, and the inhabitants of the two opposite coasts, respecting the increased extension of land and apparent sinking of the sea. In the same places, Mr. Lyell heard precisely similar accounts from persons now living; and they were so identical, he says, that, if related, they would appear mere representations of the words of Celsius, with scarcely any change except in the names of the witnesses. Further, it seems pretty clear that the rate of elevation is different in different places. In one locality it was discovered to be about three feet in a century; in another, two feet in sixty-four years; in a third, rather more than that in fourteen years; and in a fourth, only a few inches during the same period. This is perhaps the most extraordinary part of the phenomenon; and we may expect to obtain some valuable information in course of time, since such men as Berzelius have turned their attention to the subject.

THE SMITHFIELD CATTLE SHOW.

AMONG the many strange sights of this strange city, not the least curious is the annual cattle show, held under the auspices of the Smithfield club. This exhibition, which has only been made for a very few years, has increased so rapidly as to render it a subject of considerable national importance. To compare great things—with small, we were going to say, but the comparison will not hold, as prize oxen are decidedly not small—the annual cattle show is to agriculture, much that the annual meeting of the British Association is to science. It forms a re-union of many of the principal country gentlemen of England, who scruple not to travel themselves, and send stock, great distances to attend it.

Hitherto the show had been held on premises in Goswell-street, which were inconvenient from want of room, but the show for 1839 was transferred to very extensive premises in King-street, Portman-square, ordinarily used as a horse bazaar, which we were induced to visit. The exhibition continued open for four days, from Wednesday the eleventh, to Saturday the fourteenth, of December, and visitors were admitted up to nine o'clock in the evening.

The gas was already lighted when we arrived, and a very singular scene presented itself to our view. A yard of great extent, opening on one side (the left hand) to a roofed corridor or ride, lined with a row of stalls for horses, which were closed up with hurdles (being too confined for the purposes of exhibition) was converted into an immense tent, by means of a tarpauling extended over it at a great height. On the right hand the space was bounded by a wall, beneath which, on ample couches of straw, reposed the monsters constituting the first and sixth classes of the "beasts" composing the show. The centre of the open space was occupied by another row of cattle, and behind them the pigs were arranged. Beyond we entered the riding-school, a very capacious covered building, and affording a better defence from the weather than the outer space. This was occupied by cows and sheep, and a lot of "extra stock," Scotch oxen, much admired by connoisseurs, but which did not come within the limits of any of the "classes" prescribed for competition, and consequently were

not awarded any prize. In a third area, ordinarily used as stables, the remainder of the sheep were penned in the centre, in lots of three each, and around various instruments of agriculture were displayed. The whole was crowded, and even ladies did not disdain to honour the exhibition with their presence. This may, perhaps, be heard with surprise. Many of our readers may imagine that the sight of animals fattened up for "show" must be disgusting. They recall Tom Hood's facetious groans of the moving monster committed to the charge of the lame driver, although even he "hurried him." They remember the pathetic exclamation, "Oh that this too, too solid flesh would melt!" and have visions of "the learned pig grown out of knowledge." But could they see the innocent grunters we beheld, "18 weeks' old, improved Middlesex pigs," fed by "Mr. J. Crowther, of Isleworth, on boiled potatoes, fine toppings, and skimmed milk," they would alter their opinion, and gazing on their white well-kept countenances, their sleek and comfortable-looking proportions, as, all at ease, they reclined on "the best of straw," they would be enraptured, and even incline to think it would have been a pity to cut short their innocent existence at any earlier period, even to have produced a dish such as has been so feelingly celebrated by the immitable Elia.

And then the cattle, albeit, especially those of class I., the magnates of the show, of huge proportions, exhibit no appearance of "distressing fatness." They are comfortably corpulent, but not exuberantly gross, and the care which has been taken of them is evident in the exquisite cleanness of their skins and coats, which in other instances are too generally neglected. These, on the contrary, appear to be dressed almost as carefully as a hunter or a race horse, and we can believe it possible that their keepers' care is frequently tested, in the same manner as that of grooms in some stables, by a white handkerchief, which, when passed over the animal, infallibly detects the least speck of remaining dirt. There stood these fine animals, exhibiting the most gratifying proofs of the effects of skill in producing perfection in the various points which constitute their excellence. Each particular of their feeding and an account of the exact distance each animal had travelled to the show, was set forth in a placard affixed to the wall; but no great bodily exertion had been imposed on any, for none had gone on foot more than two miles. Several had, however, by van, railroad, or canal, travelled nearly two hundred miles, and there were few that had not come from a considerable distance. Any change, however, produces considerable effect on animals long-used to perfect tranquillity; and even the easiest mode of conveyance proves a considerable trial, while the bustle of four days' publicity, and the incessant poking and pummelling to which their fat sides are subjected by the more *knowing* visitors during that period, must tend greatly to deteriorate their condition. On the day we visited the show, one very fine animal, the property of earl Spencer, the president of the club, died, as is supposed, from the effects of fatigue. Its disorder was probably aggravated by the comparative exposure to which it was subjected, for the defence of a tent is a far more imperfect protection than the walls and roof of a well-secured cow-house. This struck us very forcibly when we first entered, and beheld so large a portion of the exhibition so slightly sheltered, and we regretted that a place of exhibition entirely proof against the weather had not been found; but so great an extent is necessary for the display of such a collection, that it is perhaps impossible, even in London, to fix upon any place better adapted for the purpose than the bazaar in King-street. We should, we confess, rejoice to see a building erected expressly for this exhibition, which might be so contrived as to be available for other purposes when not made use of by the club. More frequent exhibitions of agricultural instruments and dead stock might perhaps be made with advantage; and as the society increases, and of consequence its funds, which must receive a very considerable addition from the multitude of visitors, it may, we hope, ere long, be found practicable to carry such a scheme into execution.

The sheep were by no means the least interesting part of the exhibition. Southdowns and new and old Leicesters formed the staple, and were as remarkable for the excellence of their wool as their fine condition in other respects. It was amusing to watch the care with which these animals were tended by their keepers, who were feeding them with turnips, and cutting up the suppers of these innocents much as a nursery-maid carves the dinner of a youngster not yet arrived at the dignity of a knife and fork. These words opportunely remind us that the Smithfield club cannot get on, any more than other associate Englishmen, without a

dinner, and shame it would be to them if they had not a good one. Accordingly, on Friday the 13th December, 1839, between three and four hundred "of the principal noblemen and gentlemen, agriculturists," sat down to a "substantial dinner" at the Freemasons' tavern, and doubtless did honour to the good cheer.

Upon the toast "Success to the Smithfield Club" being proposed, the noble president (earl Spencer) said he had great happiness in stating to them that their club had been greatly, although gradually, increasing. His lordship said he would not have spoken so confidently of the club, had he not ascertained that the receipts of this year had been sufficient to clear the whole expenses of the following one. There was, therefore, no risk to run at their next meeting. The place of exhibition had been altered, and it was the general impression that the alteration would be of the greatest benefit to the breeders and feeders of prize cattle. In consequence of a complaint having been made with respect to the judges not being sufficient, the committee had agreed that two sets of judges should be appointed—one for the adjudication of prizes for cattle and long-wooled sheep, and the other for Southdowns and pigs; and his lordship hoped this arrangement would be satisfactory to all parties. It had also been arranged that two prizes should be given for Scotch and Welch cattle. His lordship knew of no class of cattle which gave better profit to the grazier, but in consequence of their general size they could not be expected to compete with the various classes of cattle now exhibited.

Such an account of the money-matters of the club is gratifying, and is a sufficient proof of the estimation in which it is held by those who are the best judges of its effects—the "agriculturists." The expenses of the last year must have been considerable, as no less than 295*l.* in money was distributed in premiums, besides three gold and thirteen silver medals. We hope that the next year will enable the members still further to extend their encouragement, and that they will long continue to GO ON AND PROSPER.

TO NIGHT.

SWIFTLY walk o'er the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear;
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle grey,
Star inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out;
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand;—
Come, long-sought!

When I awoke, and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
Wouldst thou me?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noontide bee,
Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me? And I replied,
No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead—
Soon, too soon;
Sleep will come when thou art fled;—
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night;—
Swift be thine approaching flight;
Come soon, soon!

SHELLEY

GAMES AND AMUSEMENTS OF THE ANCIENT GREEKS

No people are so famous in ancient history for their festive meetings as the Greeks. From an early age, public games, in which various prizes were contended for, seem to have held a rank next to religion among their national customs. But although those entertainments drew together a great concourse of people from different states, it does not appear that they were as yet celebrated at the public expense, or at a certain prescribed season of the year. They were generally conducted under the patronage of some powerful and wealthy prince, upon the solemnization of the funeral of an esteemed relative or friend, or upon any other occasion which he thought fit. He furnished the prizes, and invited the neighbouring princes to the games. Many idlers among their people followed, of course; but though these were allowed to be present as spectators, the contests were usually confined to noble blood.

The games consisted of chariot-races, foot-races, boxing with the *cæstus*, wrestling, fighting with spears, archery, throwing the quoit, casting javelins, and leaping. Singing, or rather the recitation of poetic compositions, dancing, and throwing the ball, were rather amusements than games; in none of these were prizes regularly contended for, the first alone excepted. In some instances stewards, or managers of the games, were selected to arrange the goal and course, and to keep off the spectators from crowding on the performers; but there were no judges, the prizes being awarded by the patron, according to the merit of the candidates. Where any doubt existed, an appeal was made to the disinterested princes who were present, and they decided. If foul play had been committed, the party aggrieved made a formal complaint, and the party accused either vindicated himself on oath, or by the issue of a combat. In games where several candidates might contend—such, for instance, as the chariot-race,—three, four, and even five prizes were given, of different value, and adjudged, after the first, according to the place which each candidate obtained. Whatever the number of rivals might be, none went away without some reward for his exertions. The chariot-prize was considered the most honourable of all others; but scarcely less ambition and emulation were evinced in the athletic contentions; for it was deemed the highest praise which a man could obtain, to say of him, that he knew how to use his hands and feet to the greatest advantage.

The goal being fixed upon for the charioteers, a steward was appointed to observe that all passed outside it. The candidates then took their stations at the starting-place, according to lot. The manner in which the lots were determined was this:—A small piece of wood was given to each charioteer, in which he cut or inscribed a private mark; the whole of the lots were thrown into a helmet, and shaken by a disinterested person, who caused them to fall out one after another. Each candidate knew his own lot, and he took his station according to the order in which it was shaken from the helmet. At a given signal they started. The experienced charioteer, from the moment of setting out, held the goal constantly in his eye, pushing his steeds and chariots as close to it as he could. When he arrived near enough to turn it, he inclined, but as gently as possible, to the left, while he goaded or lashed the right-hand horse smartly, gave him the rein, and cheered him onward; still so restraining the left-hand horse, as that the box, or head, of the wheel should almost touch the goal, yet so as not to strike it, lest the chariot and rider might be overthrown. He who first turned the goal well, and at speed, was likely to be first at the starting-place. At the funeral games in honour of Patroclus, the swiftest charioteer won as his prize a comely female captive, skilled in works of domestic utility, and a double-eared brazen tripod, capable of containing two-and-twenty measures. The second bore away an unbroken mare, six years old, and pregnant with a mule; the third, a new cauldron, of four measures; the fourth, two talents of gold; and the fifth, a small brazen pan, used for culinary purposes.

The boxers bound on the *cæstus* with thongs of leather; both these and the wrestlers wore a cincture which extended from the waist to the feet; the breast, and shoulders, and arms, were naked. The foot-race was distinguished by no peculiar character from similar exhibitions in our own times. He who first slightly wounded his adversary in the spear-fight was declared the conqueror. The combatants were clad in shield and mail, as in battle; but if they evinced a disposition, in the eagerness of contest, to press each other beyond the limits of mimic warfare, the

spectators interposed and separated them. For the archers, a bird was tied by a string to the top of a pole fixed in the ground. The first prize was given to him who pierced the poor flutterer with his arrow, the second to him who only divided the cord. The quoit was a solid mass of iron, large enough to afford ploughshares to a husbandman for five years. It was bestowed on him who pitched it farthest. A similar proof of superior strength in hurling the javelin, and a display of surpassing agility in bounding from a fixed mark, were rewarded in a suitable manner.

Some writers have observed, that the connexion of games with the funeral obsequies of deceased warriors of distinction, arose from a disposition to honour them in death, by the celebration of amusements which in life they cultivated with so much pleasure. Homer leads us to a more rational and satisfactory origin of these customs, when he insinuates that they were instituted for the purpose of impressing more deeply on the minds of those present the memory of the dead, and that the prizes which were given served as so many records of the place of burial, and of the magnificence of the solemnities with which that last melancholy office was performed. It was naturally a great consolation to the surviving friends of the departed to make it known, as widely as possible, that he died with a glorious, or at least a spotless character, worthy of such marked homage, and that, unlike the traitor and spoiler of the royal bed, his remains were not refused the rights of the grave, nor exposed in some desert place, to be the prey of dogs and vultures. There was no man, high or low, who did not recognise it as an imperative duty to erect a tumulus, or tomb, and to perform funeral ceremonies in honour of the dead.

Indeed, the tomb, and pillar over it, on which most probably some emblematic device was wrought, characteristic of the pursuits of the deceased in life, were considered in the light of a debt due to his ashes from his kindred and friends. It was believed that the soul of the dead could not pass the gates of Aides until that debt was duly paid; that it might appear again on earth to solicit the rights, if they were neglected; but that, after they were properly performed, it could revisit the precincts of day no more.

If the deceased fell in battle, the ceremonies which preceded the games were much after the following order:—The body was brought from the field in the arms of two or more of his companions, and laid in the tent, or rather hut, of his nearest relative or friend. As soon as darkness put an end to the day's strife, his associates in the field gathered around him, and all the night long they wept aloud, the lamentation being led by the chief mourner, who, while he thus expressed his feelings, placed his hands on the bosom of his lost friend. When the first burst of grief was over, the body was stripped, bathed in warm water, and anointed with limpid oil, which resisted, or at least retarded, the process of putrefaction. The wounds were filled with an ointment supposed to possess a similar power. The body was then disposed on a bed, and covered from head to foot with an under-vest of linen, over which was thrown a fine snow-white sheet of similar texture. From some superstitious motive, which has found its way to many other countries, the feet of the deceased were directed towards the vestibule. In order to preserve the body from internal taint, as well as to give it fragrance, a liquor, probably composed of vinous spirit and perfume, was poured into it through the nostrils.

Thus it was kept for nine days, during which it was watched day and night by female captives. Where it was possible to procure the attendance of public singers,* whose profession it was to chaunt the funeral dirge, they were summoned on the occasion. This was not difficult in any well-inhabited city of the age. If the slain warrior, instead of being conveyed to a tent, was restored to the mansion of his family, all his kindred and friends, male and female, hastened around him. The chaunters were placed beside the body, and at every close of the dirge which they sung, the female domestics answered with a general shout of sorrow.

* The attendance of minstrels on such occasions was a custom long practised in the East. Persons of this description are related to have been present in the chamber where the daughter of Jairus was laid, when she was restored to life by the miraculous power of the Messiah. "And when Jesus was come into the house of the ruler, and saw there the *minstrels* and the multitude making a rout, He said: Give place, for the girl is not dead, but sleepeth. And they laughed him to scorn. And when the multitude was put forth, he went in, and took her by the hand. AND THE MAID AROSE." These few sentences afford a striking example of the beautiful simplicity which characterises all the narratives of the Evangelists; a simplicity that carries with it a weight of testimony powerful beyond that of any other history penned by the hand of man.

The dirge being ended, and silence being restored throughout the mansion, the spouse of the deceased, sustaining his head between her hands, next resumed the melancholy strain. She mourned his fall, which so suddenly, so irrevocably dissolved their loves, left her and her children helpless, and exposed them to the horrors of captivity. She dwelt upon his bravery amid the perils of the field, his virtues in the bosom of his home, and, above all, she lamented that he had not resigned his last breath in her arms, and had left her on his warrior death-bed no last sad memorial of his affection. The sobs of the female train around her expressed their sympathy in her grief, and she was succeeded by the mother of the deceased, and perhaps a favourite sister or dear female friend, who smote their bosoms when their grief rose to its most poignant intensity.

In this manner that sex, whose principal earthly delight it is to lavish its endearing and generous offices on man, mourned the dead for nine successive days; while his military associates attended occasionally, and, in honour of him, having stripped off their armour, sometimes led their released horses round, or by, the place where he lay, in procession. In the mean time a spot was fixed upon for the funeral pile, and a large quantity of timber having been cut down fresh from the forest, it was conveyed to the ground which was marked, and which is expressly said, in one instance at least, to have been a hundred feet square. The wood and all the other necessities being prepared, on the tenth day they proceeded to the funeral. A military array was formed, the charioteers going before—next the body, borne by friends of the deceased, and followed by the chief mourner, and in the rear a band of infantry. The body was covered by the tresses of the supporters, which they cut off, and thus dedicated, in token of their sorrow. A similar offering was made by the chief mourner; but to signify his deeper grief, and more intimate attachment, he placed the locks in the hands of the deceased.

When the procession arrived at the appointed ground, the body was laid down, and the attendants directed to dress the funeral pile, heaped up the wood in a square commensurate with the prescribed space. They then placed the body on the summit, and in order that the flesh might be consumed as speedily as possible, they overspread it with the fat of oxen and sheep slaughtered for the purpose, and disposed the carcasses around it. With the same view, they placed on the pile jars of honey, inclining the mouths of the vessels towards the dead. To these were added four steeds and the headless bodies of two dogs, favourite animals doubtless of the deceased. But these bodies, as well as those of the sheep and oxen, were placed so far apart from the object of the solemnity as to prevent his bones from being mixed with theirs. The pile was then set fire to, and when the flesh was consumed, the embers were extinguished, the bones of the deceased carefully collected, and deposited in a golden urn; and to secure them from crumbling to dust too soon, they were thickly covered with lard.

The urn was taken away by the chief mourner, who, after carefully covering it with a veil, or piece of fine white drapery, deposited it among the most sacred possessions of his household. Finally, a circular space was marked out for the tumulus or tomb, the boundary fortified with stones, and the inclosure filled up with loose earth. The eleventh day was devoted to the funeral banquet and games. Such were the honours which were paid to the remains of an illustrious warrior.

The funerals of less distinguished persons were conducted upon a scale of less magnificence, and very humble members of society had these last offices performed for them with little or no ceremony at all. The body was burnt with the arms of the deceased; in the same spot the bones were interred, and over them was raised a small tumulus, on which some monumental tokens were erected, indicative of the pursuits that had employed the lifetime of the departed. Round these graves, asphodel and elm-trees were sometimes planted.

The funerals of illustrious men were not the only occasions which gave rise to the celebration of public games. They were often ordered by princes of a hospitable turn, in honour and for the amusement of distinguished guests. They were the favourite entertainments of the age, and whenever an idle crowd was assembled, whether at the solemnization of a funeral, or a marriage, or a religious festival, they usually devoted some hours to these trials of strength and skill. They also played at dice, and sometimes for such heavy stakes as excited not only deep interest, but sanguinary conflicts among the parties engaged. A very popular amusement was this:—A proficient in horsemanship selected four steeds of equal height, and well matched in their paces. These he connected together by traces, and urged at full speed from a

neighbouring plain to a town along the public road. As they ran he vaulted from one to the other; a feat which required great dexterity, and attracted vast crowds of spectators, male and female, and of all ranks and ages.

But perhaps the most general and fascinating amusement of the age was that of dancing. It prevailed equally among all orders of society, from the palace to the cottage, and seems to have been very successfully cultivated, upon principles not only of agility but of gracefulness. The movements were sometimes solemn and slow, sometimes extremely rapid, according to the subject of the vocal or instrumental music to which the figures were adapted. One of these was called the varied dance. It was arranged on the idea of the famous labyrinth of Crete, and according to the fashion which Dædalus of old invented for Ariadne.

There were as yet no public theatres, but a striking approach towards them, as well as towards the amusements which the drama and ballet afford, appear to have been made. The stage was the floor of the forum. A number of professional and youthful dancers assembled at the command of the prince, or on a public festival. The bard also attended, and took his station in the middle of the floor. Nine chosen superintendents arranged the entertainments, and restrained the spectators from breaking the circle set apart for the performers, who took their places around the bard. When the floor was sufficiently smoothened, and the circle made wide enough, under the direction of the superintendents, the dance commenced to the sound of the harp.

The festivals of religion were already solemnised with considerable splendour. Temples were erected on an extensive plan, to the expense of which several states contributed. The inhabitants of such states had a right to be present on occasions of extraordinary solemnity. Accordingly, we find that a large concourse of both sexes, who came from different parts by sea, attended sometimes at Delos, where Apollo was worshipped with great pomp, and which, in fact, was then the Delphi of the islands. But this gay crowd came, not less to participate in the sacred rites, than to witness the entertainments which were connected with them. Among these, the principal charms were the hymns which were sung to the god by the choir, accompanied with musical instruments. The love of novelty, so natural to vivid imaginations, invited the bards of the age to compose new verses in honour of the tutelary deity of the place. Prizes were given for the best specimens of sacred poetry, which produced the most animated contentions among the tuneful tribes. Such entertainments were fascinating, beyond all other pleasures, to a people warmed with so much poetic fire as the Greeks, and they were enhanced in no small degree, we may presume, by the interest which the people of each state felt in the victory or discomfiture of their native bards. Homer often assisted at these contests, as a candidate for the prize. Similar meetings took place at Chalcis in Eubœa, where the palm of song was on several occasions borne away by Hesiod. Delphi was yet famous only for its oracular temple. It was not until a later age, that, in imitation of those of Delos and Eubœa, the Pythian games were established; which soon became so celebrated through the then civilised world as to throw the parent institutions into the shade.

LOVE IN ABSENCE.

As sounds of sweetest music heard at eve,
When summer's dew weeps over languid flowers
And the still air conveys each tone,
However faint, and bears it to the ear
With a distinct and thrilling sound, which leaves
Its memory long within the 'raptured soul,
Even such thou art to me; and thus I sit
And feel the harmony that round thee lives
And breathes in every feature. Thus I sit,
And when most quiet, cold, or silent, then,
Even then, I feel each word, each look, each tone.
There is not an accent of that tender voice,
There is not a day-beam from those sun-bright eyes,
Nor passing smile, nor melancholy grace,
Nor thought half-uttered, feeling half-betrayed,
Nor glance of kindness—no, nor gentlest touch
Of that dear hand, in amity extended,
That e'er was lost to me—that, treasured well,
And oft recalled, dwells not upon my soul,
Like sweetest music heard at summer's eve.

Mrs. JAY ESQ.

A LOVE MATCH.*

It is surprising how many different stages people may pass through in the course of their lives, and yet preserve their identity. The Lintons were always spoken of as very worthy people. They were industrious and economical, and then they were called wealthy people. They purchased an elegant house, and furnished it with French furniture, and mirrors to the floor; then they were called fashionable people. At length they gave dinners and balls, and brought out their only child, who was a belle and a beauty, and then they were called stylish people. This is the very acme of praise in the aristocratic vocabulary.

'The force of nature could no further go;'

and after the Lintons became wealthy, fashionable, and stylish, they stood still.

Was it not a great mistake, in abolishing titles in this country, that we did not abolish the desire for them? Now, with a certain class, nothing is left to distinguish them but what can be procured by vulgar coin; and all the wealth in the country cannot turn one American citizen into a duke, or even a three-tailed bashaw. Emma Linton, the heroine of our tale, and the only child, though ambitious, possessed no vulgar ambition. Many a youth sued for her fair hand. She smiled upon them, talked with them, waited with them, and accepted their bouquets; but her heart remained untouched. She had her secret aspirations, and determined never to marry unless she could see them accomplished. It was not wealth she sighed for, nor such rank as our republican country affords, but for what she considered its true nobility—*talent*.

There were many young lawyers, physicians, and divines, who gave fair promise of future eminence in their respective professions; but this was not Emma's idea of talent. Talent was a magic word that embraced every thing. The man who realised her *beau idéal*, was to charm by his eloquence, dazzle by his wit, convince by his arguments, and conquer by his energy. To find him it was not easy, yet it had been her dream for years. She had heard of such, and read of such; but they were like wandering comets that never crossed her path.

It is extremely difficult to know where to seek for our distinguished men. Every party has its demigods, and poor Emma was kept in a state of feverish vicissitude. One position, however, she resolutely adopted, that they were only to be found in public life; and she therefore sought her future husband in all the newspapers. She read whig speeches and democratic speeches, tariff speeches, and anti-tariff. She turned from the frozen zone of the north to the fiery tropics of the south. She wandered from the far east to the still farther west, and her heart found no resting-place.

At length, however, one star seemed to rise above its twinkling associates. All the world began to talk of Mr. Merville. "When he spoke in public," the newspapers said, "every eye was fixed upon him, and every tongue was mute." All parties acknowledged his talents; but only the party to which he belonged gave him credit for virtue and principle.

Mr. Linton happened to be on an excursion to Washington when Mr. Merville's fame became so transcendent, and therefore had the good fortune to hear him make a speech six hours long, during which it seemed doubtful whether he once stopped to breathe. All this Emma learned through the newspapers, and waited with the utmost impatience for her father's return. She had ascertained that Merville was a bachelor, and, if disengaged, he was the very hero of her aspirations. All in time Mr. Linton arrived, and Emma inquired, with no small degree of agitation, what he thought of the distinguished senator.

With surprise she learned that he was an early friend of her father's. They had met, with a glow of feeling that carried them back to youth, and in the fulness of communication Mr. Linton expressed his astonishment that Merville had never married.

"It would be surprising," replied his companion, "if mine had not been an occupied life; but I begin to grow weary of the strife of politics, and tired of gazing, year after year, on the hard, unyielding visages of my constituents. I want different specimens of creation; its corals, its pearls, and its roses;—the truth is, Linton, I am determined to marry and live for myself."

"I wish," replied his friend, "you could take some fifteen or twenty years from your age; and then, as far as my influence and consent could insure success, you might become my son-in-law."

"And why not now?" said Merville eagerly: "do you see in

me any of the imbecility of age? Is my arm feeble to protect my wife, my heart cold in its pulsations? Where is the man, on whom you could bestow your daughter, who would insure her less chance of vicissitude and change? You may obtain for her youth, but you must take with it the uncertainty of worldly success, of moral character, and of disposition. Perhaps you may see her breasting the storms of life with a man who has nothing but his youth to recommend him, an advantage of all others the most perilous and the most fleeting."

As he spoke, his eye sparkled with the vivacity of youth, and certainly at that moment there was little to mark the accumulation of years. His hair was slightly bleached, but the manly dignity of his form was still unimpaired. Mr. Linton became a proselyte to the eloquence of his friend, and consented that he should try his influence with the young beauty. His surprise was great when he returned home to find her mind already engaged upon the subject; and, when he opened the negotiation, she lent a ready and willing ear.

Mr. Linton communicated to his friend the favourable intelligence, with the permission to hasten on and make his own impressions. Mr. Merville was too important a man easily to get leave of absence. His name was on various committees; and petitions signed by many a Harriett, Mary, Eliza, &c., were daily coming in, which he felt bound to denounce or to support. At such a juncture, he could only write at first to the father. By degrees a correspondence was commenced between the parties. Had aught been wanting to confirm the fair Emma in her favourable impressions, these letters would have been sufficient. The flame was kindled, and burned brightly. Every newspaper that contained his name was preserved. "Mr. Merville made a motion," "Mr. Merville sat down," "Mr. Merville rose," were all words of magic import; and now and then a speech of four columns in length, to be continued in the next, and concluded in the one after, by Mr. Merville, gave her employment till the next appeared. Emma no longer troubled herself to keep up appearances. Instead of wearing the numerous bouquets that were laid at her shrine, and which often made her resemble "Biram wood coming to Dunsinane," she left them to fade and die on her dressing-table. The consequence was, that the passion of the innamoratos faded and died with them, and Emma Linton ceased to be a belle. At length, however, the long session was over, and Merville, crowned with honours, and his party triumphant, was speeched and feasted through all the principal cities and towns, till he arrived at —, too late at night to visit the lady of his love. The first notice she received of his vicinity was through the newspapers, those important agents in the present love affair. It was announced in capital letters, that Mr. Merville, the great senator, the great speaker, the great statesman, had arrived, and that he had already received an invitation to a public dinner, which he had graciously accepted. Now did Emma's heart flutter, her cheeks glow, as she thought, "This man, whom all the world delights to honour, is engrossed solely by me." She walked before her Psyche glass, scanned her slight and youthful figure, and felt a degree of wonder that anything so diminutive could set the world in motion.

At an early hour she was prepared to receive the senator. But he was detained by calls, and shaking of hands, and accepting the homage of half the city.

At length, however, the august moment arrived, and Mr. Merville was introduced to the elegant and classic apartment of the young lady. Emma was an only daughter, and had the privileges of one. Though Mr. Linton had no great taste for pictures or statues, Emma had cultivated an ardent love of the fine arts. She had collected around her specimens of Italian sculpture; and a Cupid, beautiful as day, surmounted the pillar which rose in the centre of the crimson divan, against which she reclined. On either side were placed upon pedestals an Apollo and a flying Mercury. The walls were ornamented with the finest copies of Raphael's Madonnas, the St. John of Domenichino, the Magdalen of Guido. The furniture was in the simplest style of Grecian beauty; *tabourets* and divans, and the slight modern cane chair, that looks as if it was hardly made to support one of mortal mould, had excluded the French comfortable *bergère* and *fauteuil*. This apartment, so beautifully arranged, was exclusively her own, and was reflected on every side by superb mirrors, which produced the effect of a suite of rooms. It was an agitating moment to its youthful mistress when the great Merville entered,—*great*, we regret to say, in more senses than one. "The waving line of beauty" has long been celebrated, but seems difficult to define when brought into real life. Fanny Kemble, we think, illustrated it, who never stood erect, but bent, like a graceful sapling, with

* From the Token for 1840.

every emotion of her mind. If it means merely a *curve*, Merville illustrated it, for time often gives a surprising rotundity to the figure. Emma had been too much engrossed in her worship of talent to ask a description of the temple which enshrined it, or she would have learned that he was what we Yankees call a *portly* man, with a comfortable share of the bones and sinews of old Kentucky.

Emma had placed one of the light cane chairs near the divan, on which she meant to give audience; thinking it would be a convenient seat for her lover. Even the elephant is guided by instinct or reason, and refuses to cross a bridge that may totter and sink under him; how much more a man of talents would avoid such a snare. Merville had real good sense, and none of the affectation that belongs to a little mind. He paid his respects to Emma in a manly and graceful manner, and, as he considered the cane chair wholly out of the question, he took a seat on the small circular divan upon which she was sitting. This was unfavourable for first impressions, it brought them nearly back to back, reflected from the magnificent mirrors, and the light and graceful Cupid, with his bow bent, rising above them, and ready to take aim. It however was only a first meeting, and it was of short continuance, for Merville was a public man, and had many engagements on hand. Perhaps he was too wise to make a long visit. His allusions were tender and respectful, as to the object for which he came, and yet not so pointed as to alarm the fair one. She felt that he still considered her the mistress of her own destiny. When he took leave, she watched his retreating form in the mirror opposite, and, as the door closed, her beautiful head drooped, and she burst into tears.

At that critical moment the door was again gently opened, and Merville appeared; he had left one of his gloves, and returned for it. What a spectacle for a lover,—his fair mistress, after the first triumph of a meeting, half suffocated by sobs, and bathed in tears!

His quick and comprehensive mind at once caught the meaning of her distress, and he determined to let his engagements wait, and set her heart at rest.

"My dear Miss Linton," said he (he had been used to addressing her thus in letters), "why this agitation, this causeless distress? You have incurred no responsibility, you are entirely your own mistress; whatever encouragement or hope I may have cherished, has been the result of my own sanguine wishes. This excursion, without so powerful a motive, would have been desirable to me. Much as I had heard of your beauty and sweetness, and truly as I read your mind in the letters I have received, I do not hesitate to say, that the reality far transcends my expectations. I feel that it was presumption in me to expect to win youth and beauty. Recover your cheerfulness, and put me wholly out of the question; consider me only as the friend of your father."

The soothing tones of his voice, his manner so tender and respectful, at once produced the desired effect; her tears ceased, and by degrees furtive smiles dimpled her cheeks. Their conversation grew more interesting, yet that odious divan! There was but one way of settling it; Emma arose and seated her slight figure in the slight chair, and then they could talk face to face. Merville gained wonderfully by this arrangement. There is no old age to intellect,—it diffuses over the countenance the animation and brightness of youth. Emma saw all her dreams realised. Whether the little Cupid drew his bow or not, it is difficult to say; but, before they parted, another appointment was made for the evening, and, when he a second time disappeared, the mirror reflected to her eye "a port like Jove." Mr. Merville had no time to lose, and their engagement was soon settled and announced. Strange as it may seem, Emma was deeply in love; and we verily believe, if she had heard all the spiteful things said about their difference of age, it would not have given her a moment's uneasiness. Some tried to make it out a mercenary match on her side; but, as she had rather more wealth in expectation than Mr. Merville in possession, this did not go well. They next endeavoured to prove that it was for an *establishment* she was forming the connexion, to be mistress of a house and of a carriage; but all this she enjoyed under her parent's roof. Finally, they contented themselves by saying, "she had thrown herself away;" a conclusion that settles all difficulties, and is a wonderful cordial to the ill-natured.

In a few weeks Mr. Merville led his young bride to the altar. He was the happiest of husbands, Emma the happiest of wives, and Mr. Linton the happiest of fathers; but there was one quiet unobtrusive being, that we cannot rank among the happy, and this was Mrs. Linton, the tender mother of Emma. She was neither

talented nor gifted, but her heart was true to nature; she had from the first been averse to the match, and ventured to remonstrate against it. Emma listened respectfully to her objections; they were entirely based upon the difference of years. "How is it possible," said she, "that the young and the old can assimilate? Your husband will soon want quiet and retirement, while you are yet sighing for gaiety and amusement." "Never, mother," said Emma, and she fully believed what she said. "His pursuits will always be mine; there is a perfect assimilation of mind, and time has no power over intellect." "And yet," said Mrs. Linton, "I have known such disproportioned matches end unhappily, and what you call intellect crumble away before old age." "Then it ceases to be intellect," said Emma, triumphantly, "and cannot apply to our subject. We are all liable to the casualties of life; I too may become an invalid, but we can only provide for the present." Mrs. Linton was always silenced by Emma's ready wit; she ceased to oppose, and, when she parted from her beloved and only daughter, made every effort to suppress her rising tears.

Emma repaired to the pleasant mansion of her husband, and for three whole months was the happiest of human beings, though far away from her parents and early companions, and comparatively among strangers. The intellect and talent to which she paid homage were devotedly hers. Her husband suffered the wheels of government to revolve as they might; it mattered little to him which part was up, or which down. His beautiful bride absorbed all his thoughts. He accommodated himself to her youth, her fancies, and even her whims. They had promised a distinguished artist to sit for their pictures, and Emma insisted that they should both be put on the same canvas. Merville's good judgment led him to oppose this fancy, but the young wife would not be contradicted. Notwithstanding the skill of the painter, the contrast of age was strikingly preserved. Emma was unpleasantly affected by it, and she protested they were neither of them likenesses.

Hitherto Mr. Merville's world of politics had gone smoothly on; but who expects stability in our new hemisphere? Electioneering times were drawing near, and the husband began to arouse from his slumber. His brow was sometimes thoughtful, and Emma grew anxious lest he loved her less. She had a modest and painful consciousness of intellectual inferiority compared with him, which sometimes disquieted her. Her husband was in the habit of calming these solicitudes by assuring her how much beyond compare were her native and intuitive perceptions, to any dull acquisitions of his own. Her genius and taste were amply and justly alleged, and always with feeling and eloquence. But this could not last in electioneering times. Merville was a determined politician, and whigs and democrats were in motion. One evening the petted wife actually found herself alone in her drawing-room. The French clock struck nine, and he did not arrive; she tried to read, she walked the room, she rang the bell, she poked the fire, and whiled away another hour. At length the clock struck the deep funeral notes of ten. At that moment he entered, and found his beautiful Emma in tears.

"What is the matter with you, my dearest?" said he, tenderly; "no bad news, I hope, from our dear father or mother?" It must be confessed he had the affectation of calling his early friends by their parental titles. Emma shook her head. "What then has happened?"

"Where have you been all the evening?" said she, with a rising sob.

"To a caucus, my love," replied he.

"Promise me, then," said she, throwing herself into his arms, "that you will never go to another."

It was easy for him to restore Emma's serenity for that time. But, alas! caucus after caucus followed; his whole time became engrossed. He was the leading man of his party; and the very popularity that had won her heart now made her wretchedness. The chosen friends of her husband were politicians, and of his own age. He urged her to invite friends to her house, and to visit; but he was always too much engaged to be with her. At length he proposed her making her parents a visit, and promised to hasten to her the first moment of leisure. Emma received this proposal as a wish to be relieved from the little restraint her society imposed upon him, and made her preparations with the air of a martyr. His engrossment did not prevent his attending to every proper arrangement for the journey of his wife. Her father joyfully welcomed her, talked of the popularity and success of her husband, of his high standing among his constituents, and congratulated her on having chosen so wisely. The mother's eye soon detected a cloud on the fair young brow; and when Emma seated herself on

a low cricket by her side, Mrs. Linton did not repress the confidence that was trembling on her lips.

"O mother," said she, "all you predicted has arrived. I am interested in nothing—I enjoy nothing—I have no society—I am alone in the world. My husband has become indifferent to me."

"You shock me," said Mrs. Linton.

"Indeed, mother, it is too true; but little more than three months after we were married, his alienation began."

"My dear child, Mr. Merville is a man of honour and principle; I fear your conduct has been injudicious."

"I have been the most devoted of wives," replied Emma; "I wanted no other society than his. Only three months after we were married, he left me for—"

"My child," interrupted the mother, "beware of suspicion, and do not expose any faults you may have accidentally discovered."

"Surely I may speak to my own mother," replied Emma.

"Three months after we were married, he left me a whole evening entirely alone, and I discovered that it was for nothing but a caucus!"

"I am rejoiced," said Mrs. Linton, smiling, "that it was for nothing but that. But now do tell me, Emma, why you married Mr. Merville?"

"You know, mother, it was for his talents; they first secured my affection."

"Then he has lost his talents; he is no longer an honour to his country!"

"Indeed, you are mistaken," said Emma, warmly; "he is more popular than ever."

"Then it is *you* that have changed; you love him no longer for what first won your affection. Had he grown indifferent to the public good, and passed his time in attendance upon you, you might have justly complained that you had thrown yourself away upon an imaginary greatness."

Emma had good sense enough to feel that her mother's representations were just, and she only added, "Well, great talents are for the world, not for domestic life." Yet when her friends thronged to see her, and all spoke of her husband, she felt her former enthusiasm revive. Week after week she expected him, but the delinquent did not arrive; and at length he wrote to her, that he was so much occupied that it would be impossible for him to come for her till a certain day of the month, when the electioneering would be over. The letter was written in the hurry of occupation, and under darker views of his political horizon than had yet taken place. His wife imagined there was a peculiar coldness about it, and she became quite wretched, and announced her intention of immediately returning. There is a restlessness in unhappiness, that will not allow the subject to wait patiently for the unravelling of events. Emma, notwithstanding the remonstrances of her parents, who did not understand the state of her feelings, actually took passage in the stage-coach, and arrived at her own door just at night, after two days of rapid journeying. She hastened to her room; it was cold and cheerless. The servants were surprised to see her, and she almost regretted that she had come back. She would not unpack her trunks, but seated herself on one of them, thinking bitter thoughts.

"How soon will your master probably be at home?" said she to one of the servants.

"Early to-night, madam," said he; "he has a party of gentlemen to sup."

"No wonder," thought Emma, clasping her hands in a theatrical style, "that he could not come for me, that he does not wish me back! I will no longer blight his prospects; I will return, for ever, to my parents." She seated herself at her writing-table to pen a farewell epistle to her faithless husband.

In the mean time, he returned just in season to receive his friends, and did not learn till the late hour of their departure that she had arrived. The servant then put a letter into his hands, with the information; but added that Mrs. Merville was very much fatigued, had retired for the night, and requested not to be disturbed.

Mr. Merville opened the letter with real anxiety, and with the intention of at least watching by the bedside of the invalid, after he had ascertained the cause of her sudden return, which he presumed the letter would explain.

"TO MR. MERVILLE.

"Where the feeling of affection exists no more, it is useless to reanimate; it neither suits the dignity of your character, nor the forbearance of mine. I should think it my duty to continue

to endure indifference and neglect, did I not feel that, in returning to my father's roof, I relieve you from a responsibility that, with your sense of justice, must weigh heavily upon your conscience. Your time will now be wholly your own; and you may devote it to the public weal, or to *such convivial pleasures* as have been the occupation of this evening. It would have been generous in you not to have awakened me so early from my dream of happiness, which for a very few months seemed to me a blessed reality of all I had ever hoped to enjoy. The painful lesson I have received of my own insignificance, is one that no doubt I required. We measure ourselves by those around us, and, brought up as I have been, I had but little to lower my self-esteem. Though we part, it is still my earnest wish to bear your name. It is an honour to myself and to my family.

"EMMA MERVILLE."

Twice the husband read the letter without comprehending the tenor of it. He then directed her waiting-maid to go to her with a message; but the girl said the door was locked, and, as no answer was returned, her lady must be asleep. Upon further inquiry, he found she had made arrangements to set off early in the morning. Again Merville read the letter, and not, as before, with a total unconsciousness of its meaning. His own quick intellect supplied the explanation she had withheld, and a generous tear bedewed his eye. "She is but a child," thought he; "a lamb that I took from the fold; I placed her in the green pasture by the flowing brook, but I ought to have carried her in my bosom." He thought over her youth and her beauty, and some humiliating contrasts rose to his mind as to his own claims. He felt that her happiness ought to have been his first care, and when, after giving orders to his servant, he threw himself upon his bed, it was in the spirit of confession and contrition.

In the meantime, Emma passed a restless night; she sometimes regretted that she had thus sealed her own destiny, but an heroic feeling, that she had relieved her husband from a burden, supported her resolution. Before the dawn of day she was ready for her departure. It was a cold, cheerless morning, not a star in the sky, and still so dark that not an object could be discerned.

Poor Emma hurried to the room where the portraits hung; it was not to look at her own, radiant with happiness, but to take a last view of her husband's, by a glimmering lamp. She wondered she had not thought it a likeness; there was his high broad forehead, his dark piercing eye, beaming upon her with a tenderness that she should never see again. Her tears fell in torrents. The servant came to say that the carriage was at the door. Placing her handkerchief to her eyes she left the apartment; and, with a feeling of despair, as if she cared not who witnessed her sorrow, ascended the steps of her carriage, and with a convulsive sob threw herself back,—not on the seat, but into her husband's arms! Fondly and tenderly he pressed her to his bosom. "Could you think, my Emma," said he, "that I would let you a second time leave me? Where thou goest, I will go too."

He had secretly countermanded her orders the night before, and they travelled alone in the carriage. Never had the powers of Merville's mind been so fully called forth; not as a statesman or a politician, but as a husband, lover, and friend, blending with all a tenderness almost parental. No allusion was made to the heroic epistle, and Emma hoped he had not received it.

Two days of travel, devoted to conversation, passed rapidly away. Merville had the happy art of mingling useful reflection with information. His mind was stored with experience, and many a little narrative called forth her sympathy. As they entered the city and drew near to her father's, Emma faintly whispered, "Am I now in a dream, or have I awoke from a miserable one to happiness?"

"We have both awoke," said he; "God grant we may dream no more!"

They were received with great delight by the parents, though they were much surprised at Emma's speedy return. Merville had always entertained an instinctive feeling that Mrs. Linton was opposed to their marriage; and, though he had treated her with *filial respect*, there was less of warm-hearted confidence than he had evinced for her husband. He now, however, took an early opportunity to request a private conference, and candidly communicated to her all that had passed. "Henceforth," said he, "Emma shall have no reason to complain of neglect, neither shall you find any maternal anxieties you may have felt, arising from the difference of our ages, fulfilled."

"I have always thought," said Mrs. Linton, good-humouredly, "and still think, notwithstanding Emma's griefs, that hers bids fair to be among the few happy matches. But my sentiments are

not changed; and, if I were ever to write a dissertation, it should be against such alliances."

"It would do no good, my dear madam," replied he; "as long as there are human motives and sympathies, such alliances will take place. Rather turn your attention towards mitigating any evils that may arise from them."

Emma remained a week at her father's, and still her husband said nothing of returning; at length she proposed it herself, and he at once consented. On their journey home the reconciliation was so perfect, that Emma did not hesitate to discuss her grievances. The shock she received on her arrival, at finding preparations for a supper party was alluded to, and she learned with some confusion that it was the regular meeting of a club of Merville's ancient compeers.

From this time the aspect of things seemed to have changed. Emma began to dabble a little in politics, and assisted in writing votes for distribution. Just as she had made up her mind to become a *real politician*, the election took place, and the opposite party obtained the victory. Perhaps Merville bore this disappointment with more philosophy from his new views of domestic duty; and, when a second Emma came to brighten his existence, and awaken parental affection, nothing of *political party* mingled with his love for his country; but, with his earnest desire for its prosperity and happiness was united general philanthropy towards his fellow-citizens. Emma realised more of her dreams of happiness than perhaps belongs to the lot of most of her sex, and always professed herself a warm advocate for *disparity of age* in a matrimonial connexion; not, however, exceeding the thirty-five years, exactly the difference between her husband's and her own. "Such matches," she said, "were the happiest in the world when they were *real love matches*."

EARTHQUAKE OF CARACAS.

THE most awful convulsion of nature which has occurred in any part of the world, since the commencement of this century, was the earthquake of Caracas, a city of what is now the independent republic of Venezuela, in South America. It is situated about fifteen miles from the Caribbean Sea, from which it is separated by a chain of mountains, at an elevation of 3,000 feet above the ocean. It was well-built, possessed many spacious and beautiful edifices; the private houses were noted for the richness and costliness of their furniture and decorations—an unequivocal indication of great wealth—and it contained, at the time of the catastrophe, a population of 50,000. On the fatal 26th of March, 1812, it was reduced to a heap of ruins in a few seconds, and twelve thousand of the inhabitants perished together in an instant. The prince of travellers, M. Humboldt, has supplied us with a vivid and affecting account of this appalling calamity, to which we shall have recourse in drawing up the present notice of it. Shocks of earthquakes had been felt previously to the fatal day, particularly on the 7th and 8th of February, when the earth was kept in a state of perpetual oscillation day and night. A great drought prevailed at this period throughout the province. Not a drop of rain had fallen at Caracas, or for ninety leagues around it, during the five months which preceded its destruction. The 26th of March, the memorable day, was remarkably hot; the air was calm, and the sky was one sheet of unclouded azure. It being Holy Thursday, a great part of the population was assembled in the churches. Nothing in the earth or in the sky gave awful presage of the approaching calamity; it seemed a holiday with nature too. But at seven minutes past four in the afternoon a shock was felt, sufficiently powerful to make the bells of all the churches toll at once. This lasted five or six seconds, during which the ground rolled to and fro like an agitated sea, and heaved upwards like a boiling liquid. The danger was supposed to be past, when suddenly a tremendous subterranean noise was heard, louder and longer than the most terrible roll of thunder that ever pealed within the tropics, but resembling that phenomenon. This sound preceded a perpetual motion of three or four seconds, followed by an undulatory movement somewhat longer. The shocks were in opposite directions, from north to south, and from east to west. Nothing could resist this combined movement from beneath upwards, and the undulations crossing each other. As two contending waves meeting break each other into fragments, so was Caracas shattered to pieces by this opposite rolling of the earth; and about twelve thousand souls were buried beneath the houses and churches.

There was of course a grand procession to take place that day; it had not yet set out, but so great was the concourse which

thronged the churches, that nearly four thousand persons were crushed by the fall of their heavy vaulted roofs. The sacred edifices which bore the names of La Trinidad and Alta Gracia were more than one hundred and fifty feet in height; the naves were supported by pillars of twelve or fifteen feet in diameter; yet of these strong and massive buildings there only remained a mass of ruins, not exceeding five or six feet in elevation. The ground at this place afterwards sunk so much, that scarcely any vestiges of pillars or columns remained visible. The soldiers' barracks, a large and substantial building, almost wholly disappeared. A regiment of troops of the line that was assembled under arms, ready to join the procession, was, with the exception of a few men, overwhelmed beneath the ruins of this great edifice. In short, nine-tenths of the fine town of Caracas were completely reduced to a heap of rubbish. The walls of such houses as were not thrown down were so rent and shattered, that no one would run the risk of inhabiting them. The effects of the earthquake were somewhat less violent in the southern and western parts of the city than in the others. There the cathedral, a massive building, supported by enormous buttresses, remained standing.

The scene of desolation and misery which followed this dreadful visitation has been painted in such lively colours by the great traveller mentioned, that we shall quote his words.

"The night of Holy Thursday presented the most distressing scene of desolation and sorrow. A thick cloud of dust, which, rising above the ruins, darkened the sky like a fog, had settled on the ground. No shock was felt, and never was a night more calm or more serene. The moon, nearly full, illumined the round domes of the Silla, and the aspect of the sky formed a perfect contrast to that of the earth, covered with the dead, and heaped with ruins. Mothers were seen bearing in their arms their children, whom they hoped to recalc to life. Desolate families wandered through the city, seeking a brother, a husband, a friend, of whose fate they were ignorant, and whom they believed to be lost in the crowd. The people pressed along the streets, which could no more be recognised but by long lines of ruins. All the calamities experienced in the great catastrophes of Lisbon, Messina, Lima, and Riobamba*, were renewed on the fatal day of the 26th of March, 1812. The wounded buried under the ruins implored by their cries the help of the passers by, and nearly two thousand were dug out. Never was pity displayed in a more affecting manner, never had it been seen more ingeniously active, than in the efforts employed to save the miserable victims, whose groans reached the ear. Implements for digging and clearing away the ruins were entirely wanting, and the people were obliged to use their bare hands to disinter the living. The wounded, as well as the sick who had escaped from the hospitals, were laid on the banks of the small river Guayra: they found no shelter but the foliage of trees. Beds, linen to dress the wounds, instruments of surgery, medicines, and objects of the most urgent necessity, were buried under the ruins. Every thing, even food, was wanting during the first days. Water became almost scarce in the interior of the city. The commotion had rent the pipes of the fountains; the falling in of the earth had choked up the springs that supplied them; and it became necessary, in order to have water, to go down to the river Guayra, which was considerably swelled—and then vessels to convey the water were wanting. There remained a duty to be fulfilled toward the dead, enjoined at once by piety and the dread of infection. It being impossible to inter so many thousand corpses, half-buried already under the ruins, commissaries were appointed to burn the bodies; and for this purpose funeral piles were erected between the heaps of ruins. This ceremony lasted several days. Amid so many public calamities, the people devoted themselves to those religious duties which they thought were the most fitted to appease the wrath of Heaven. Some, assembling in processions, sung funeral hymns: others, in distraction, confessed themselves aloud in the streets. In this town was repeated what had been remarked in the province of Quito, after the tremendous earthquakes of 1797; a number of marriages were contracted between persons who had neglected for many years to sanction their union by the sacerdotal benediction. Children found parents by whom they had never till then been acknowledged; restitutions were promised by persons who had

* The earthquake of Riobamba, in Quito, which happened in 1797, produced as frightful, and at the same time as singular effects, as any on record. Forty thousand persons perished in a moment; and the earth so opened, that opposite sides of the same street were in some instances removed to a great distance from each other, and occasionally to a considerable height above their former level.—Ed.

never been accused of fraud; and families who had long been enemies were drawn together by the tie of common calamity. If this feeling seemed to calm the passions of some, and open the heart to pity, it had a contrary effect on others, rendering them more rigid and inhuman. In great calamities vulgar minds possess still less goodness than strength. Misfortune acts in the same manner as the pursuits of literature and the study of nature; their happy influence is felt only by a few, giving more ardour to sentiment, more elevation to the thoughts, and more benevolence to the disposition." The effects of conscience, here so graphically described, form a very interesting feature of the subject. Such a circumstance is so characteristic of human nature, that every one may have occasional opportunities of observing it.

On the same day on which Caracas was overwhelmed, violent commotions were experienced in various, and often far distant, places. For some time, the earth continued in a very unsettled state, and gave frequent intimations of internal commotion by loud bellows and horrible murmurs. Volcanic eruptions likewise broke out, the explosions being heard at a distance of seven hundred miles. Indeed, this period was remarkable for the frequency of volcanic phenomena; but we shall not enter upon the subject at present.

ON READING BURTON'S "ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY*."

WHAT would not one give for the power of *unreading* books, that one might read them again for the first time? Many books can always be taken up with the certainty of finding in their re-perusal nearly as much delight as was experienced at their first reading; there are some whose greatest beauties are not seen till they have been read again and again; as the miner, at each successive stroke of the axe, exposes some new mass of glittering ore, or gives first to the light of day some "gem of purest ray serene." But there are books which disclose all their charms in a first interview, and never again exhibit their first perfections. Who does not remember the first reading of the "Mysteries of Udolpho?" Young and alone—the book procured by stealth, and read in secrecy—horror after horror rising up, difficulty after difficulty, till it pleases the author to remove and explain them! What a power romance-reading has in youth! True it is that all is not believed; but the fancy is easily led, and no critical chills come over one—no discrepancies startle one into doubt. When youth is over, never can those days return, when the wildest, absurdest Minerva-Press romance entranced one more than a novel by Bulwer or James does now. There be no romances in after-life; for the romance must be reciprocal—as much in the reader as in the book. Castles are not lonely, ruins not haunted; we may read that they are so, but our minds misgive us; the wand is broken, and "deeper than did ever plummet sound," in the ocean of time, is drowned the "book" of youthful spells!

There is some pleasure in not having read a book—in a "Yarrow unvisited." Now, I have never read Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." I mean to read it—I have resolved for years. What a delightful book it must be, praised as it has been by all sorts of people! Dr. Johnson and Charles Lamb—who more opposite?—and yet both agree to commend quaint old Burton.

I forget what first led me to think of reading it; probably something that dropped in conversation at a period beyond the reach of memory; but it was a long time before I could meet with it, for then I had not access to many books. At last I did lay hands on it, in two volumes octavo, vilely printed, on bad paper, and with all the quotations in italics. They frightened me; besides, I had pictured something old and quaint for the appearance of the book, and it was useless to try—I could not read it. My scruples, however, I determined to overcome, and I resolved to put up with the two volumes, quotations and all; but something withdrew my attention—a new poem came out, or a new novel, or I was much engaged, and wanted time; the book went away, and I did not read Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy."

* See a brief notice of Burton's "Anatomy," in No. VI. of the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL.

One day, walking along the New Road (that paradise of old-book lovers), I found on a stall "Burton Abridged, one and sixpence." "Ay," said I, "this will do; the cream of the book is here." My hand was in my pocket—the man that was sitting lynx-wise behind the books got up, half-extended his hand; but I paused, opened the book, looked down a page—it would not do; some utilitarian editor had spoiled it—the quaintness was gone—there were the ideas, stark-naked, like unfledged chickens, and about as graceful. I laid it down, and did not buy "Burton Abridged."

Soon after this I became a frequent visitor to a large public library. Here, one day, while looking for something else, I stumbled upon "Burton's Anatomy, in folio." This, thought I, is the book—all that I had fancied or hoped for; and here, (as I looked round the spacious apartment, solemn with the accumulated wisdom of ages,) here the place to read it; the next time I come, I will begin. After all, there is nothing like an *editio princeps*—the book seems fresher, less handled, to come more direct from the author's mind to the reader's; and a *folio*—what pleasure in reading down its expansive page; no distraction in repeatedly turning over the leaf, but slowly and solemnly to enjoy it, as an alderman does turtle-soup from a vast china bowl, or one does coffee out of a breakfast cup.

Time after time did I revisit that library, generally for some specific purpose; often did that volume meet mine eye; but the library is now closed to me, and Burton still unread.

Not long ago I read a paper by Elia (Charles Lamb), in imitation of Burton. This brought to my mind all my procrastination, all my neglect of my favourite though unread book, and I am quite resolved to read Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy;" but not now. I want the leisure to enjoy it as I ought. Some day I will go into the country for a week, and devote myself to its perusal. Then, on the banks of my favourite stream, where I have often roamed in boyhood, building air-castles—beneath some wide-spreading tree, on the banks of the majestic Thames, with leisure to enjoy it, and no cares intruding, will I certainly read the "Anatomy of Melancholy." Yes! but when?



OUR LITERARY LETTER-BOX.

THEY say that small things are great to little men; and we, being of the order of little folks, did feel, in a small degree, anxious about the "opening" of OUR LITERARY LETTER-BOX. The interval between the intimation of our intention and "the present writing" has been very brief; and we were rather fearful of being obliged to resort to the old and stale trick of setting up "men of straw," in order to knock them down again. To be obliged to sue *in forma pauperis* for lack of counsel, is not very agreeable to a *modest* man; and to one with but a small genius for manufacturing charades, and not used to carry "two faces under one hood," it appeared a rather serious matter to be obliged, at the outset, to answer our own questions with great gravity and much courtousness. But our anxiety has been superfluous. We write now within a week from the intimation of our intention; and already our readers have stored our "Letter-Box." The majority of letters received are from London, or rather from the suburbs of London; but there are a few from the provinces, and these, we are bound to say, are by far the best. What influence the *fourpence* on each letter may have had, in producing this comparative result, we must leave for future speculation; we only, as a statist might say, mention a *fact*. We hope, however, that the uniform Penny Postage will be soon in operation, and that we shall speedily have the privilege of as free communication with John O'Groat's or the Land's-End as with Brixton or Hackney. Meantime, if we are to take our present supply as a sample of future quality and quantity, our self-imposed task will prove anything but irksome; and we hope, after a lengthened period, to be able to look back, with much pleasure, on the nature of an extensive correspondence maintained with a large number of intelligent readers of the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL.

Our readers will bear in recollection, that the chief object of "Our Letter-Box" is not so much to minister to the gratification of particular correspondents, as to induce particular correspondents to contribute to the information of all. Consequently, we must exercise a very supreme and a very sovereign pleasure over all contributions. Attention to all will necessarily induce, as a general rule, brevity to each; and the substance, therefore, of communications will only be given. But if we receive an occasional letter which we may deem worthy of being "printed and published," we will give it; and other correspondents, who may not enjoy that privilege, must submit with all humility, and not presume to cavil at the decisions of a very fallible infallibility. This, however, is not intended as a particularly solemn announcement; it will be neither our interest nor our pleasure to exercise a supercilious sauciness towards our friends of the "Letter-Box."

Correspondents must not be impatient if, after two or three weeks, some of their communications do not appear to be answered. They may conclude that they have given us hard "nuts to crack," and that, as the topics suggested are out of our immediate personal knowledge, search, or inquiry, we are holding their letters over to be answered as soon as we can. We have already intimated that frivolous communications will not be noticed; neglect being the only means in our power for checking mere idle interrogations. Care will be taken to prevent communications from being mislaid; and, in general, letters will be answered in the order of their arrival. We need hardly add to this a request that our correspondents should be as choice as possible; the letters we have already received, besides being, some of them, very complimentary, and almost all of them encouraging, are (at least the greater number) suggestive of topics worthy of consideration.

The following was amongst our earliest arrivals, and we have been so pleased with it, as to give it as we received it:—

TO THE POST-MASTER OF THE 'LITERARY LETTER-BOX.'

"Respected Friend,—It is with no small diffidence I take the liberty of troubling thee, fearing my letter may fall amongst the number of thy '*Rejected Addresses*;' for, on looking over thy prospectus or requirements, I find no precedent for my presumption, either amidst the ample fields for 'ingenious correspondents,' or 'in questions relating to science and art; in inquiries respecting points of constitutional history, or facts or opinions connected with commerce, trade, colonies, emigration, illustrious individuals, books, authors, &c. &c.'

"The only point I can possibly seize to my advantage as an apology, is amongst 'matters which, strictly speaking, are individually personal, and might be so answered as to come home to the "business and bosoms" of many more readers than the individual querists.' With this faint hope for a favourable reception, I will not 'hang fire' in acquiescing thee with my troubles.

"I believe it is Friend Sterne who, in one of his quaint sermons, takes for his text, 'Give me neither poverty nor riches,' and opens his commission by supposing this to mean about five hundred pounds a year, paid quarterly. Now if this be the *jute milieu*, the happy medium, or standard of competency, on which a man should settle down in peace and quietness, then can I not be said to have arrived at the boundaries of contentment; and yet I hold sufficient barely to keep the wolves from the door, without shaking a limb or stirring a muscle. Hence the source of my troubles. I am domiciled in one of the finest cities in Europe," [the letter bears the Bath post-mark,] "the lap of luxury and ease, the nursery of the fine arts, the very focus of literature, and the acmé of refinement, politeness, and fashion. But to 'stand at ease' in such a place, one of two things appears to be necessary—"money or marbles;" or, to drop the figure, a decided independency or some knowledge of business or handicraft. I am one of those unfortunate individuals who stick between these horns. (Perhaps thou mayest cut the thread of my arguments short, by saying, 'Then why dost thou not get away as fast as thee canst?' but here I will as quickly reply, I cannot.)

"I have not a fortune adequate to the perfect personification of the gentleman—in the common acceptation of the word; nor have I shrews or cunning requisite for the mere drudgery or 'worky-day' business of life.

"I can keep neither hound, horse, nor dog-cart; and can handle neither spade, hammer, nor pincers. The pursuits and acquaintances which money can achieve and adopt, fall not within my power; and such is the tenderness and irritability of my nature, the colour of my imagination, and the consequence of that ideal refinement and elevation of prospect which I have concocted, as it were, and framed for myself, that I tremble at, and am disgusted with, the coarse and vulgar natures with which I am compelled occasionally to come in contact. I have not impudence enough for the office of parish beadle, overseer, constable, tax-gatherer, plate-holder, chairman, committee-man, or M.P.; possess no nerve requisite to shine as a doctor, soldier, or sailor, have not even brass or steel adequate to the composition of a 'capital lawyer.' I can neither make a speech, sing a song, cringe, 'boo,' flatter, nor cog; have

not the heart of a fortune-hunter, and could not even ask the favour of a dedication, though it were to purchase a pen.

"I have a little smattering of the fine arts and my mother-tongue; but not sufficient to shine, or make a buzz or a Box; am a tolerable hand at a pun, a rhyme, or a sonnet, and have had many compliments for my prose; and yet—what is very curious—I know of no channel where it would produce a 'dump.' I am not proud, nor ill-tempered, nor idle, nor cruel, intemperate, or extravagant. I am sick and envious of fashionable life—perhaps, because I am not rich enough to enter fully into its charms or merits. I am not uncharitable, but merely unable to exhibit any metallic proofs. I am tired of the '*home circuit*,' because my funds will not carry me 'up the Rhine.' I am wearied at my journeys on foot, because they are at the expense of my shoes. I am afraid to visit, because I cannot invite. And there are many other disagreeables with which I will not trouble thee; but beg, in conclusion, that thou wilt take the trouble to point out a medium for greater happiness and a brighter prospect for thy most unfortunate wight,

"PETER GRIEVOUS."

Wordsworth, in a well-known passage, has exclaimed:—

"Oh! many are the poets that are sown
By Nature; men endowed with highest gifts,
The vision and the faculty divine,
Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse,
(Which, in the docile season of their youth,
It was denied them to acquire, through lack
Of culture and the inspiring aid of books.
Or haply by a temper too severe,
Or a nice backwardness afraid of shame),
Nor having e'er, as life advanced, been led
By circumstance to take unto the height
The measure of themselves, these favoured beings,
All but a scattered few, live out their time,
Husbanding that which they possess within,
And go to the grave unthought of."

If, without incurring the charge of parodying this earnest and eloquent philosophy, we could, in some measure, paraphrase and adapt it, we would say, that it is admirably descriptive of one of the great evils arising out of our peculiar civilisation. "Oh! many are the gentlemen that are sown," &c. We mean real, veritable gentlemen and ladies, in education, thought, and feeling, and not that particular species of creature, "born to blush unseen," because, as the Irishman said, "never seen to blush." If we are to judge from the "thee" and "thou" phraseology of "Peter Grievous," he belongs to a class of people noted for their practical character—their ready facility in being able, not only to help themselves, but to help others. Do they also number in their ranks people who "cannot dig," and "to beg are ashamed?" But the matter is too serious to be flippantly disposed of. We commend "Peter's" candid and good-humoured exposition of his case to all our readers, in the hope that some of them will assist us with suggestions for a future consideration of the subject: and meantime we pass on to attend to other correspondents.

We have received several letters, asking us to give some account of the nature of Shooting Stars. This is more than we can do. From the regularity with which great numbers of them have been observed to appear at particular seasons of the year, especially in the month of November, they have attracted very general attention, and, as many scientific observers are on the alert to watch them, it is probable that something definite will be known about them ere long. They have been supposed to be originated in the ignition of inflammable gases, floating at a great height in our atmosphere; and that some meteoric appearances, which flash suddenly before our eyes in the upper regions of the air are so produced, is probable. But we must distinguish these meteors from what are properly called shooting stars, which are conjectured to be bodies moving in space, and therefore beyond the supposed limits of our atmosphere. Sir Humphry Davy and other philosophers have connected falling or shooting stars with those meteoric bodies which throw down stones to the earth. "All the phenomena," says Sir Humphry Davy, "may be explained, if falling stars are supposed to be small solid bodies moving round the earth in very eccentric orbits, which become ignited only when they pass with immense velocity through the upper region of the atmosphere, and if the meteoric bodies which throw down stones with explosions be supposed to be similar bodies, which contain either combustible or elastic matter."

Sir John Herschel, in his *Treatise on Astronomy*, after describing a method of determining longitudes by signals, says, "In place of artificial signals, natural ones, when they occur sufficiently definite for observation, may be equally employed. In a clear night, the number of those singular meteors called shooting stars which may be observed, is usually very great; and as they are sudden in

their appearance and disappearance, and from the great height at which they have been ascertained to take place, are visible over extensive regions of the earth's surface, there is no doubt but that they may be resorted to with advantage, by previous concert and agreement between distant observers to watch and note them." This idea is reduced to practice. At a recent meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society, an extract of a letter was read, intimating that various continental astronomers were so doing, and that their "observations gave approximate differences, and showed that the method is practicable."

J. S., HAMPSHIRE ROAD, referring to the monetary articles which appeared in recent Numbers of the Journal, informs us that he preserves, as a rarity, a 250 franc assignat, which was taken from the pocket of a dead French officer on the field of Vittoria, by a private of the 71st regiment. He inquires, also, respecting the nature and history of the French assignats. This was the celebrated paper money of the French Revolution. The National Assembly having, on the motion of Mirabeau, appropriated all the immense landed property of the clergy, resolved to supply the deficiency of metallic money, which had disappeared during the confusion, alarm, want of confidence, &c. (the rich emigrants, in their hasty flight, carrying with them all the specie they could secure) by an issue of paper money, based on the security of the land which they had seized. The notes thus issued were supposed to represent property which might be assigned (*assignés*) to the holders; hence the name of assignats. This paper money at first circulated very freely, and obtained a general confidence; and tempted by this circumstance, and also by the circumstance of additional property passing into the hands of the then rulers of France, by the confiscation of the landed estates of the emigrants, more and more paper money was issued, till it became a mere drug, working confusion through every department of trade. The sufferings of the French *working classes* during the assignat folly were dreadful. Work, except in trades of absolute necessity, could not be procured; the country people would not part with produce except for specie, even though the government repeatedly passed coercive laws; famishing crowds were relieved at the different "mairies," (police stations,) where poor creatures took their stations as early as two o'clock in the morning, though the bureaux were never opened till nine, in order to secure an early "turn" for an order for provisions bought by the government, and which were given in exchange for assignats. An ancient Parisian, who is still living, told us, that in 1795 he gave 1500 francs in assignats for a pair of shoes for his wife; and we have seen, in the cellars of a waste-paper merchant in Paris, bundles of assignats, weighing some cwt., representing, or at least once intended to represent, sums between 1000 francs (40*l.*) and five sous (2*d.*). If J. S. has ever made a trip to Paris, he may have had "change" given him, which, at first, he might have imagined was a collection of base old shillings and sixpences; these are the remains of 30 and 15 sous pieces, which were coined by the revolutionary government, and made of one-third silver and two-thirds brass. Pieces were also minted of one and two sous, of good quality, being made of church-bell metal; no bells being allowed to remain, except the tocsin (alarm bell) which everywhere, in good truth, was too often in use during these troublous times. In the "change for a sovereign," you may easily collect a little medallion history of France for the last half-century.

Connected with this money subject is the following interrogation from a Walworth correspondent:

"Could you throw a light, or state a reason for the etiquette used at the coinage in each successive reign—why her Majesty's likeness should turn its back to the late king's, as his had previously done to his royal brother's? In fine, why the obverse of each coin, in succeeding reigns, should be the reverse of its predecessor? George III. and William IV. looking right, while George IV. and her present Majesty look wrong, or left. The custom, I believe, first arose in the coinage for Charles II.; for that a good reason might be given, but why did his brother continue it? Whether this is 'a nice or a curious question,' I can hardly decide; but putting great faith in your good-nature, whether I get an answer or not, I shall still feel and remain as a TAXER."

Our correspondent has mis-stated his inquiry. Her Majesty's likeness does not turn its back on the late king's; George III. and William IV. look towards the right, and George IV. and Victoria look towards the left; consequently, predecessor and successor alternately *face* and *back* each other. Can any of our readers state the reason wherefore?

We wish we had the power of an Olinthus Gregory, or an Augustus de Morgan, in order to assist the writer of the following letter, which has come to us, bearing the Coventry post-mark. The writer himself, on a moment's reflection, will see the all but impossibility of our attempting to gratify him in such a periodical as ours; but we give his letter, because we think it may "draw out" other individuals like-minded, and perhaps lead to some future results:—

"Having taken in your Journal from the commencement, and perused and re-perused its pages with considerable pleasure, I am induced to avail myself of the invitation held out in your 50th Number, to solicit a plain exposition of the principles of Algebra, and of the Differential and Integral Calculus.

"In making this request, I must unequivocally acknowledge my ignorance of those abstruse branches of mathematics. Although self-educated, in the most literal meaning of the word, I have acquired a tolerable (though unavoidably superficial) share of information in the various departments of knowledge but with respect to the nature and *modus operandi* of the foregoing branches of mathematical science I am quite at a loss. I sufficiently understand that they constitute a species of short-hand calculation; but to my limited apprehension, their applicability is not so apparent as the more common and familiar principles of arithmetic, as exemplified in its fundamental rules, in their application to the solution of questions of Proportion, Involution, Evolution, &c.

"My knowledge of these rules of arithmetical calculation was acquired by means of diagrams and pieces of wood in the form of a cube. By various combinations of the latter, I soon comprehended the meaning of roots, squares, cubes, biquadrates, &c. Now, if you can convey the information I seek at your hands, by a similar mode of illustration, or, if the subject be so abstruse as to preclude the use of diagrams, by analogy of any other kind, I shall feel greatly obliged.

"This communication may possibly come under the ban of 'mean and trivial subjects,' but I trust you will be disposed to see on 'its face an honest and a rational object,' deserving of a draught from the fountains of information, which you have promised shall well forth in the pages of your Journal."

A FRIEND IN HACKNEY.—This correspondent wishes to know if his venerable village gave name to those useful vehicles, *hackney* carriages. It is certainly so stated, with plausibility, in the London histories. Hackney being the earliest, or amongst the earliest, of the rural retreats of the London merchants, it is said that horses to Hackney used to stand for hire; and that, when carriages came into use, the name passed to hired carriages. But an ingenious friend supplies us with another etymology, which we give in his own words:—

"*Haquende* means, in French, a strong little horse, one (like our cobs or galloways) easy to mount, such as were, in times before the use of carriages, always let out on hire for journeys, and easy to be ridden by young and old. When the great began to have equipages, the owners of *haquendes* found out that two or three persons could be accommodated as well as one, (and more conveniently too,) by attaching them to rude vehicles, and making them beasts of draught. These new vehicles were called *coches-à-haquendes*, or *hackney coaches*: by and by, a superior kind superseded these, called *Racres*; hence the term was lost in France, but remained with us. Among the common people of France it is still said, when a person comes to a house pretending to style and having none, in the coaching way, 'il est venu sur la haquende des cordeliers'—mounted on the cordelier's (Franciscan) hackney—the poorest order of begging friars; that is, staff in hand: or, as the Scotch say, mounted on Shanks' mare; or, as the vulgar of London say, 'by the Marrowbone stage.'"

GEORGE NEWMAN, Birmingham, who tells us that he was an early, and continues an attached friend, says, "In No. IV. of the 'London Saturday Journal' is one of the best-written articles, headed 'The Dawning of the Day,' and illustrated by a story, 'true to life,' of a poor family bearing the name of 'Jones.' It would afford pleasure and instruction if you would reprint it for the edification of a numerous body of readers, who may not have had an opportunity of perusing the early Numbers of the 'London Saturday Journal.'"

Will it satisfy George Newman that his recommendation of that story is thus given to his fellow readers?

J. S. asks assistance on the subject of Gymnastics. "I have been led to this by reading your article on 'Muscular Exercise,' in No. 50 of your Journal, and want a few exercises (say ten) which children might perform in school, and which might occupy from five to ten minutes of each part of the day. If you could oblige me with a few exercises, you would confer a general favour both on teachers and pupils of National Schools."

We could not well gratify J. S. without the aid of plates or figures; but he may easily work out for himself what he wants, by referring to Clias's Gymnastic Exercises, or the recent works of Walker—"Manly Exercises," and "Exercises for Ladies," published by Hurst, St. Paul's Churchyard.

All Letters intended to be answered in the LITERARY LETTER-BOX are to be addressed to "THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL," and delivered FREE, at 113, Fleet-street.

London: WILLIAM SMITH, 113, Fleet Street. Edinburgh: FRASER & Co. Dublin: CURRY & Co.—Printed by Bradbury & Evans, Whitefriars.